

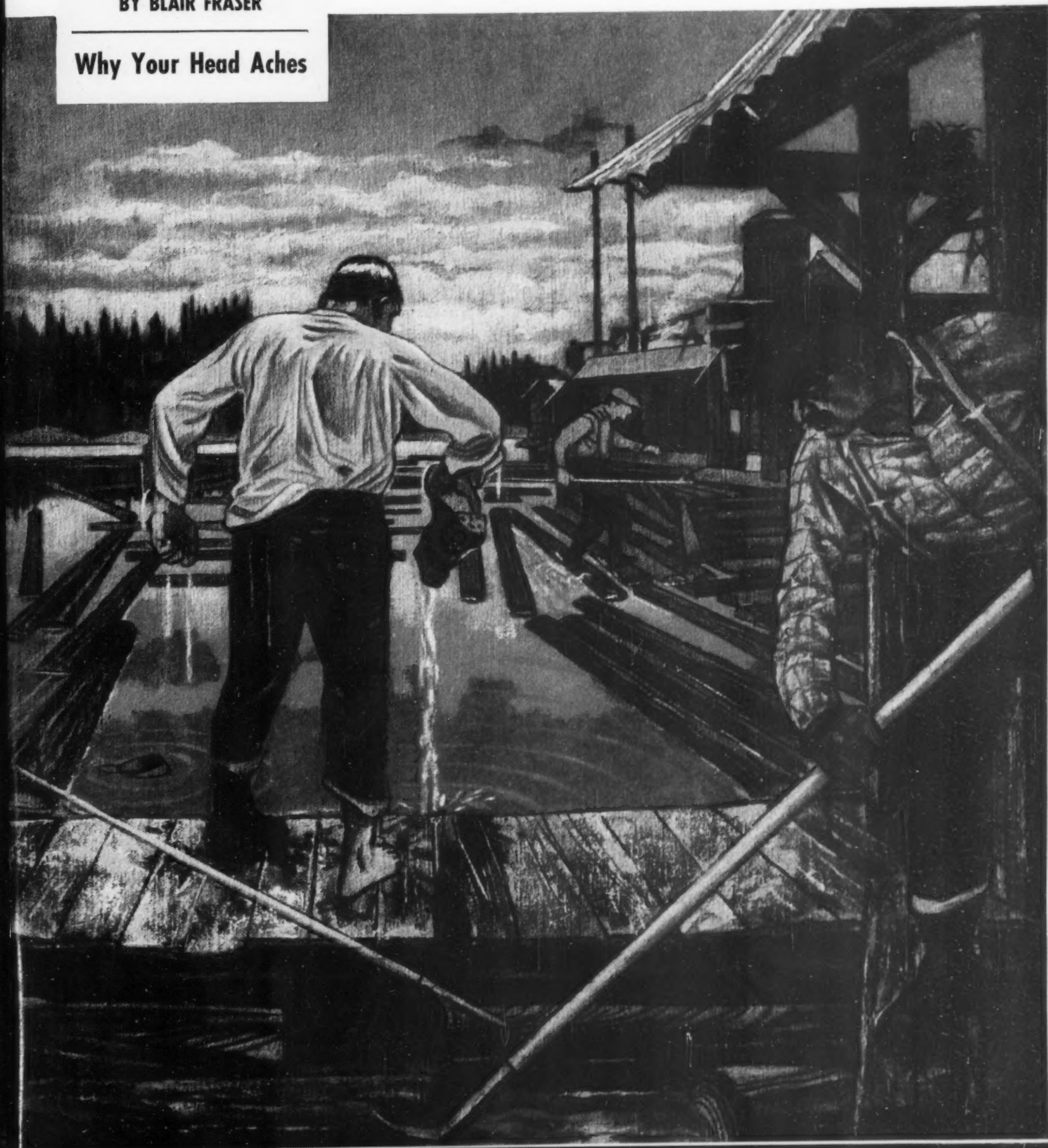
**WILL WALTER
HARRIS BE
THE NEXT PM?**

BY BLAIR FRASER

Why Your Head Aches

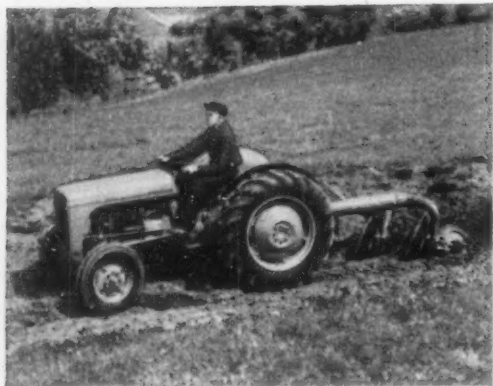
MACLEAN'S

AUGUST 15 1954 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS





That's a **2½** billion dollar egg!



The record crops of the past few years have been produced with 400,000 fewer workers than were on Canadian farms in 1939. Modern farm machines such as the revolutionary Ferguson tractor shown here are responsible for this increased production with fewer men and at less cost.

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, AUGUST 15, 1954

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EDITORIAL

Indo-China Isn't Munich

SOME PEOPLE have a habit of referring to any truce talk in the Far East, from Panmunjom to Geneva and next perhaps to Colombo, as "another Munich."

Several thousand Canadians who are now old enough to vote were too young at the time to know what the pact of Munich was all about, yet too old to read about it in their school history books (even if school histories give a candid account of Munich, which we doubt). Perhaps it's worth while, therefore, to recall the painful and shameful episode that gave the word "Munich" a historic as well as a geographic meaning.

At Munich, Neville Chamberlain for the British and Edouard Daladier for the French agreed to give Adolf Hitler for the Germans a large slice of territory belonging to the Czechs, who were not there.

At the time the French were bound by solemn treaty to help and defend the Czechs. The British were as solemnly bound to help the French. France decided that her commitments were too onerous to be honored. Mr. Chamberlain accepted the French decision.

Maybe they were wrong. Maybe, too, if the Czechs had repudiated the deal and stood alone against Hitler in a suicidal gesture of heroism, Chamberlain and Daladier would have had to back them up. Men who worked on the cable desks of morning newspapers in 1938 can remember that tense September night when they set up two sweeplines, CZECHS DECIDE TO FIGHT and CZECHS DECIDE TO YIELD, and then waited until dawn for the flash that would tell them which line to put on the extra.

Czechoslovakia had to go through that Gethsemane of decision alone, for her powerful friends had made a deal with the man soon to be their enemy. The deal proved a poor bargain; within six months Hitler had broken it; within a year the allies were fighting him on much less advantageous terms, physically and morally. Munich didn't pay.

That is how the word "Munich" became a synonym for betrayal. No Munich has taken place or can take place in Asia, because no Asian country has received from any Western country the kind of pledges given to Czechoslovakia.

No country has been under any moral obligation to join the fight in Indo-China. The war there is a civil war in which one side has got help from Red China and the other from the United States. We all wish the U. S.-supported side had won. It didn't. That is matter for regret but not for shame.

Our only obligation in Asia is to defend our own interests—in the broadest sense and the longest run, if you will, but still our own interests. Some people think those interests would have been better served by going all out to prevent the Communist Viet Minh from defeating the French colonial administration. Others think the lesser evil was to make the best deal that could be made, and stop the fighting.

History will doubtless decide who was right in this argument. But meanwhile, let's keep our thinking and our language clear. Whatever else it may be, this is not Munich.

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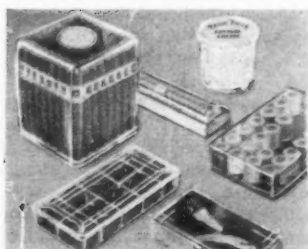
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CHEMICALS BASIC TO CANADIAN LIVING



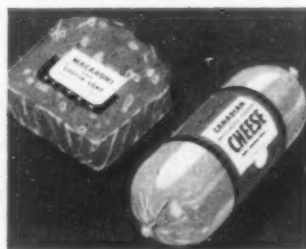
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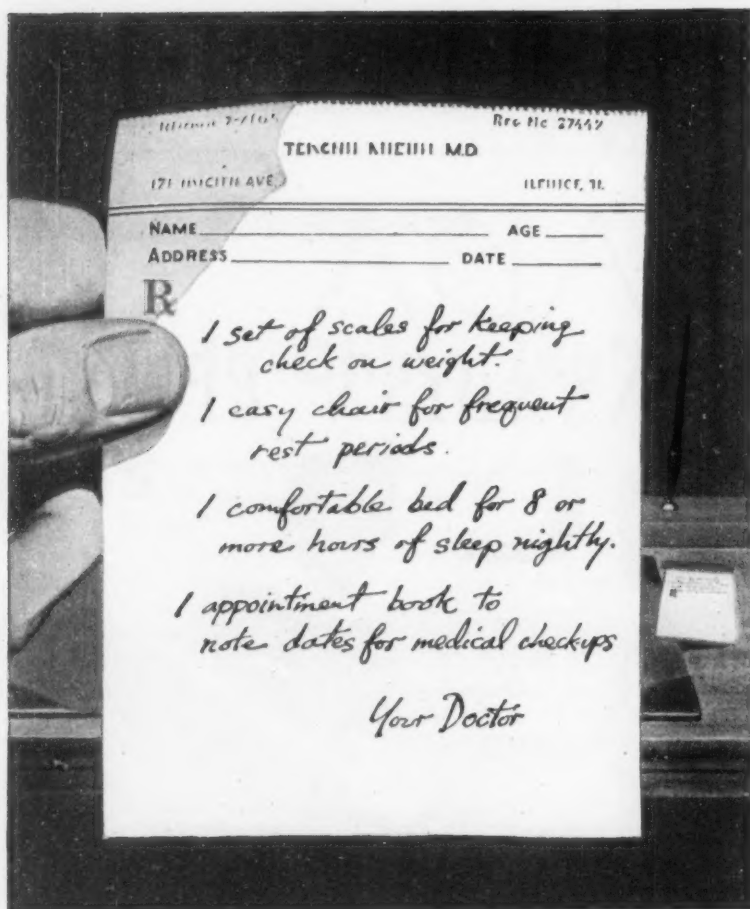


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A good "prescription" for HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE...

IF YOU are one of hundreds of thousands of Canadians who have, or will have, the common, uncomplicated type of high blood pressure . . . or hypertension . . . your doctor will probably recommend a "prescription" like that shown above.

There are, of course, several drugs that may be helpful in treating high blood pressure, and others of promise are under study. In addition, special diets . . . for example, those in which salt is restricted . . . are often beneficial. Surgery, also, may be helpful when other measures fail.

Successful control of hypertension, however, still depends mostly on whether or not the patient learns to live on good terms with high blood pressure. For example, many victims can keep their blood pressure from rising still higher . . . and may even lower it . . . simply by controlling their weight through proper eating habits.

Since the majority of people who develop high blood pressure are of the so-called "high-strung type," it is most important for them to learn to avoid sustained tension

which tends to elevate blood pressure and perhaps keep it at an excessively high level. Avoiding tension usually involves a change in attitude and perspective toward what we must do, rather than ceasing or drastically curtailing normal activity.

Those suffering from hypertension should see their doctor for regular check-ups and treatment. This will enable the doctor to detect possible complications early, and to take steps to help correct them.

It is also wise for those who do not have hypertension to arrange for periodic health examinations, including a check on blood pressure. This is especially important for those who are middle-aged and older, are overweight, or have a family history of hypertension.

Did you ever hear the expression, "To live a long life, learn to saunter instead of gallop"? There's a lot of truth in it for everyone . . . especially for those with high blood pressure. In fact, many people today who have this ailment can expect to live long and useful lives simply by reducing the tension in everyday living.

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LONDON LETTER

BY *Beverley Baxter*



Philosopher on the Thames

IT WAS a beautiful summer evening and the terrace of the House of Commons seemed far more attractive than the debating chamber where we had been niggling and nagging each other over what was left of the finance bill.

I find it difficult to describe the peculiar magic of the Thames when the sun begins to set. The buildings on the south bank are lit up as if by footlights, and even the chugging tugs drawing huge barges toward Westminster Bridge seem manned by adventurers rather than by ordinary fellows looking forward to a pint at the pub, a talk with the missus, and bed.

I had intended to walk a few paces on the terrace and then return to the debate, but on a bench I found my old friend Walter Elliot and I could not resist his rich Scottish appeal. For nearly 19 years we have sat together in the Commons, he representing a Scottish seat and I a London borough, and in all that time I have never found him anything but original, amusing, vastly cultured and deeply philosophical. His story is a strange one.

As a young Scot he was educated at Glasgow Academy and Glasgow University. Then came that catastrophic interrupter of human

destinies — the 1914-1918 war. Elliot was a man of letters, a philosopher, a budding orator, a dreamer with a lot of practical knowledge, but seemed in no sense a man of action. Heredity, environment and personality all marked him out for an academic career spent in the cloistered temples of knowledge. Instead, he went to France as a second lieutenant with a Highland infantry battalion.

In a fierce engagement with the Germans he won the Military Cross. He rose in rank and won a bar to his M.C. When the war ended he was a colonel but he returned to his studies as if he had been spending a rather long period abroad studying history and architecture. No one could have looked less like a fire-eating soldier.



Bax's friend Walter Elliot MP — a Scots dreamer in the Commons.

Like all good Scots he eventually reached London and, having seen the metropolis, he decided (like so many good Scots) that London was good enough for him. So he went back to Scotland, married a Scottish girl, got himself adopted as a Tory for a tough parliamentary seat and entered parliament in the famous 1918 victory election of Lloyd George.

It was a mad parliament with Lloyd George dominating the scene like a conquering Caesar. U.S. President Woodrow Wilson was preaching the gospel of something to be called the League of Nations, while Congress was insisting that Britain must repay the loans granted by the U.S. before Germany forced her into the war in 1917.

It was all so beautifully simple. Lloyd George, who had displayed genius as a war leader, decided that the crushed and impoverished Germany would pay for the cost of the war, and that the Allies could then repay America for the years that she was the benevolent money lender.

The thirty-year-old Walter Elliot looked at the postwar tragedy and wondered if the world had gone mad. While he watched and pondered the situation an Austrian corporal named Hitler was mooning about Vienna, painting ridiculous pictures, living with tramps in doss houses and dreaming dangerous dreams.

By 1922 the Tory Party had had enough of Lloyd George's coalition. They planned a rebellion, chose Canadian-born Bonar Law as their leader and drove Lloyd George and the Liberals into the wilderness from which they were never to return.

By that time Walter Elliot, like young Anthony Eden, was being groomed for office. But there the parallel ended. The dazzling Eden was obviously destined for high places whereas

Continued on page 28



BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE at Ottawa



Cartoon by Grassick

Will We Get Better Postal Service?

BEFORE the end of summer, Post Office authorities hope, there will be an improvement in Canadian postal service. Steps have been taken and others are contemplated which, they believe, will arrest the deterioration in the Canadian mails that began about three years ago.

Officials make no attempt to deny that the downturn took place. They say the increase in complaints, and even more in the publicity given to those complaints, has been somewhat greater than the increase in actual mistakes. But they admit that when all qualifications and discounts are made there are still a lot more miscarriages in the service than there were a few years ago.

Trouble began in 1951 when the cabinet decided to reduce urban mail deliveries from two a day to one. The Post Office from top to bottom was opposed to this move and the then Postmaster-General, now Mr. Justice Edouard Rinfret, did what he could to block it. But Opposition and Finance Department alike were clamoring for economy, and to cut out the afternoon mail delivery would save at least \$3 millions. Out it went.

Out with it went nearly a thousand postmen whose salaries had made up the bulk of the \$3 millions. Their mates who remained on the job were alarmed and disaffected. Morale in the service hit a new low at the very moment when new routes had to be learned and co-operation from all concerned was most essential. Every man left in the service had to make changes in his daily walk to meet the change in staff and service, and thus every man had to take on some unfamiliar territory.

Hardly had the postmen got themselves adjusted to the new routine

when another upheaval came—the five-day week. Hundreds of new and green hands, some full-time and some part-time, were taken on to fill in for regulars taking their extra day off each week.

Both these developments coincided with an explosive spurt of growth in the larger Canadian cities. The post-war building boom had really hit its stride and whole new suburban communities were springing up. Every city acquired a host of new street names, quite often identical with older street names in other parts of town. Housing developments had names of their own (Willowdale, Manor Park, Highland Gardens and what not) without necessarily having either a municipal organization or a post office. Some straddled the lines of existing postal districts, others were outside the limits of urban delivery altogether and immediately set up a clamor to be let in.

What with one thing and another, the effect on efficiency of the Canada Post Office was disastrous.

WORST TROUBLE is concentrated in the metropolitan triangle—mail out of and into the three cities of Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal. Top officials of the department have been working for months on an intensive survey of these three postal areas, trying to find out why things go wrong and what can be done to improve them. They've come up with no panaceas or miracle cures but they think they've located and plugged enough loopholes to make a perceptible difference in the service.

For instance, they found that outgoing mail is dumped down the chutes to the sorting tables whether or not the sorters have finished with the letters

Continued on page 59

True Case History of Billy J.



Billy bought his bike at the B of M!

It's a dandy, too! Billy deposited \$5 monthly in his own personal savings account at the B of M until he had built up a balance of over \$60—and bought the bike himself.

Billy says he's going to use the bike to enlarge his paper route—so he'll be able to make even larger deposits regularly at the B of M.

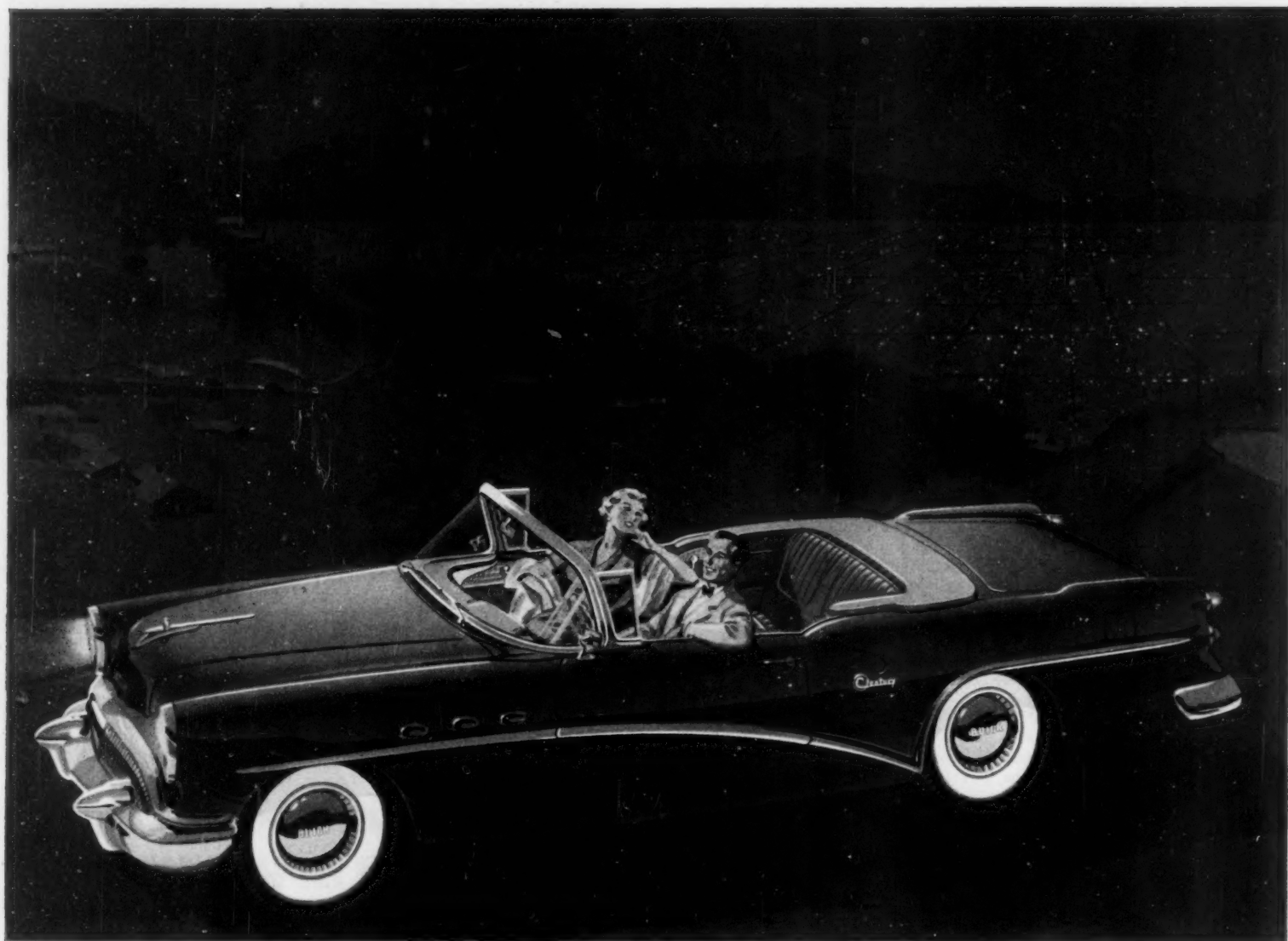
This young businessman has already learned that saving regularly is a very profitable habit.

Why not show your child the way to independence and success by opening a savings account for him at "MY BANK"?



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And the stars twinkle in the velvet cushion of sky overhead . . .

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, AUGUST 15, 1954

Will Walter Harris be our next Prime Minister?

BY BLAIR FRASER

If Louis St. Laurent retires this year his most likely successor could be this shy and stiff Ontario Baptist who's a white-haired boy in Ottawa but almost unknown to the rest of the country

CONTRARY to the average Liberal's opinion, the cabinet's favorite to succeed Rt. Hon. Louis St. Laurent as Prime Minister is not the glamorous L. B. Pearson, who as Minister of External Affairs is well-known throughout Canada and most of the free world. Neither is it Paul Martin, famed as dispenser of family allowances, nor Jack Pickersgill, the astute political counselor of two prime ministers. The cabinet's choice is a man whose name even now is only vaguely familiar to many a loyal Grit—Walter Harris, who recently succeeded Mr. Justice D. C. Abbott as Minister of Finance.

Canadians are likely to hear a lot more about Harris in the immediate future, for the problem of the Liberal succession is no longer academic. The party is waiting anxiously for Prime Minister St. Laurent to complete his summer vacation at St. Patrice, Que. Unless he comes back from his two-month rest in much better form than when he went away, colleagues think he will soon retire.

At the session's end he looked years older than he did when he set off round the world last February. It would have been a fatiguing journey for a man of any age, and for one of 72 it was too much. The Prime Minister came back still buoyed up by the stimulus that carried him through the trip, but within a fortnight he had suffered what could almost be called a collapse—an onset of physical and nervous exhaustion from which he hadn't recovered when parliament rose.

In addition to being tired he was bored. "Mr. St. Laurent hasn't a great deal of vanity," a colleague remarked, "and for a man who isn't vain, who doesn't get much pleasure out of pomp

Switching from Immigration to Finance, Harris doesn't look his 50 years. ►



Walter Harris continued

and status, this job is tedious and tiresome." After six years of its exacting routine the Prime Minister was fed up.

Two months of fishing in the sunshine of the Lower St. Lawrence may send him back to Ottawa with zest and vigor restored, but an increasing number of Liberals doubt it. They think it likelier that he'll announce his retirement some time this autumn or winter, and call a party convention for 1955.

This leaves Liberals in the deepest quandary they've known for 35 years. For the first time since Mackenzie King beat W. S. Fielding at the convention of 1919 the party is uncertain where to turn for leadership.

Of course if ill-health should force the Prime Minister to step out immediately there'd be no problem. His successor by unanimous choice of the Liberal caucus would be C. D. Howe, Minister of Trade and Commerce and St. Laurent's right-hand man. But Howe is 68, and he has always said he intended to retire with his leader. He'd be most unlikely to stand for the leadership at a convention.

There'd have been no problem, either, if Finance Minister Douglas Abbott hadn't been so determined to leave public life. Abbott could have carried a 1955 convention without even making a speech, but he didn't choose to run. Abbott's withdrawal to the Supreme Court reduces a 1955 convention to a contest between two men—there may be other contenders, but only two are likely to count. They are Pearson and Harris.

Pearson is still a betting favorite because, as one colleague glumly remarked, "After St. Laurent and Howe, Mike Pearson is the only Liberal the average voter ever heard of." Pearson, as Minister of External Affairs, became known from coast to coast. Favorably known, too—he's always had a good press, and a minister of external affairs doesn't have to make any unpopular decisions. A convention next year might not dare forego the vote-getting power of Pearson's name.

But if they consulted only their own preference, most of his cabinet colleagues would pick Walter Harris who five years ago was an obscure politician from rural Ontario, almost unknown outside his own riding. Even today, after four years in the cabinet and one session as Leader of the House of Commons, he's one of the ministers least known to the general public. Nevertheless, he is the man the present cabinet would like to make the next prime minister.

Not that they dislike Pearson. They're quite happy to have Pearson at External Affairs. It's only as leader that they don't want him, and they don't want him as leader because they say he doesn't know enough about politics.

"We never think of taking a political problem to Mike," one minister explained. "Mike takes his to us. We take our own to Walter."

Backbenchers say the same. "In the House, Walter is the most sat-with of all the ministers," said Colin Bennett, Liberal MP from Grey North, neighbor riding to Harris' Grey Bruce. "Somebody's always dropping into that chair beside him. One man might want him to vet a radio speech, another might want his help to get a law amended. Walter is always interested, he always sees the point, and he almost always has something to suggest."

For similar reasons he gets on well with Opposition members. As House Leader he's "hard but fair," they say. "If you make a deal with Walter you can be sure it will stick."

Immigration, Harris' portfolio since he entered the cabinet in 1950, provides little publicity but lots of chances to make friends or enemies among MPs who go to him about borderline cases under immigration rules. Harris has made friends. He is regarded as no pushover for sob stories, but as a man who is willing to interpret the regula-



WITH UKRAINIANS at festival he accepts apple.



WITH HOCKEY BANTAMS from Sioux Lookout he cements Indian relations. At right: Hon. Paul Martin.

Inescapable publicity photos usually show Harris wishing fervently he was someplace else



WITH TRACTOR lawyer Harris impersonates farmer.



WITH INDIANS he tests edge of Running Horse's tomahawk while White Eagle beats the tom-tom.



WITH PICKERSGILL, his successor at Immigration, Harris works out last-minute changeover problems.



WITH TREASURY BOARD the new Minister of Finance picks up reins of his important portfolio.



WITH FAMILY—daughter Fern, son Robert. Younger daughter Margaret was at camp. Fern is a nurse.

tions with compassion and a sense of humor.

Not long ago a Chinese girl came in to join her father in North Sydney, N.S. She was admissible only as the unmarried daughter under 21 of a Chinese legally resident in Canada. The girl was visibly pregnant, but she and her father both assured the immigration authorities that she was unmarried. They let her come.

Hardly had she got her bags unpacked before she turned up at the immigration office with a marriage license and applied for admission of her husband (spouse of a Chinese legally resident in Canada). Officials said she'd have to be deported instead—if she had a husband, then she wasn't legally admitted in the first place. The girl went for help to the local MP, Clarry Gillis, of the CCF, and Gillis took the case up with Harris.

Legally, of course, she had no case at all and could have been sent back to Hong Kong. Harris said, "Let her stay. She fooled you when she got you to swallow her story. Take your medicine, and don't be fooled again."

The girl is still in North Sydney, her husband's application is still pending, and Gillis thinks Harris is a man who knows when the joke is on himself.

This is a frivolous example but there have been plenty of serious ones. Alistair Stewart, CCF member for Winnipeg North, who has a great many foreign-born electors in his constituency, probably handles more cases of would-be New Canadians than any other MP in any party. Stewart's admiration for Harris is so great that he hesitates to attack the Immigration Department when its estimates come up.

But the Immigration Department, under Harris, has had its share of criticism. C. H. Millard, Canadian director of the United Steelworkers of America has called Harris' immigration policy "silly, absurd, discriminatory and ineffective on several counts." And George Hees, the new national president of the Progressive Conservatives, has called Harris' policy "chaotic."

The most embarrassing position that Harris had to face publicly came in the summer of 1952 after his department had been under fire on charges of refusing to admit Negroes into the country. The Toronto president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters attacked the department as "illogical, unsound, undemocratic and un-Christian." But the most damning bit of evidence was brought out by the Toronto Negro Citizens' Committee which produced a letter, signed by Harris, stating that it was impossible for Negroes, owing to climatic conditions, to adapt themselves to Canadian life.

A red-faced department official had to admit that the letter was a bureaucratic mistake, drafted by officials of the department and duly presented to the minister for signature. Harris signed the letter

but suggested that it be held up while the department reconsidered the situation. Somehow, the letter got into the mail. Harris hurriedly issued a statement denying that there was any prohibition against Negroes becoming citizens.

As Leader of the House of Commons Harris has shown his gift for smoothing out differences of opinion. Howard Green, of Vancouver, spokesman for the Progressive Conservatives in arranging the business of the House, occasionally irritates his own caucus by imposing a veto on some line of parliamentary tactics which the majority wants to follow.

"We can't do that," Green will say, "because I told Walter Harris we'd accept this other procedure. Walter always keeps his word with me, and we've got to treat him the same way."

These qualities make Harris a politician's politician—the sort of man MPs like to deal with. Unfortunately they are also the very qualities that keep a man out of the public eye. Harris' forte is settling things quietly, keeping intra-party and even inter-party disputes off the front page, and from one point of view he is too good at it. The average voter never heard of him, and even the Liberals, with their formidable machinery for building a man up, despair of making a public figure out of Walter Edward Harris.

As Wordy as a Cablegram

He's the sort of man who turns up in the back row of group photographs. At 50 he hasn't a line in his face or enough grey hair to show at ten paces, and he looks no older than when he came back from overseas ten years ago, yet nobody calls him boyish. He's a big man—just under six feet, 200 pounds—and he used to play football at school, but he doesn't give the impression of being athletic. He has no hobbies or amusements; for years he hasn't done anything for fun except go home and read a book.

All his relaxations are those of a contented family man. He doesn't smoke or drink—never has done either. He seldom misses Sunday service at the Baptist Church in Ottawa or the United Church in Markdale, where his wife played the organ for years. Harris always works a six-day and often a seven-day week, but when he does take a day off he likes nothing better than to go on a picnic with his wife and the two younger children. (His elder daughter, now 19, is training as a nurse at a Toronto hospital.) He likes the comforts of home—in addition to the family house at Markdale, where he spends the summer and where his mother lives all the year round, the Harrises have bought a large comfortable house on the Driveway in Ottawa,

still one of the most pleasant though no longer the most fashionable residential districts in the capital.

As a speaker Harris is about as wordy as a cablegram. He says what he has to say without rhetoric, and sits down. This endears him to wind-weary MPs, but is something less than electrifying to campaign audiences. Harris doesn't like making speeches. He arranges many more for other people to make than he ever makes himself. In spite of his flair for practical politics he's a poor handshaker and backslapper. He is shy, tends to be stiff with strangers, and is embarrassed by personal publicity.

No one in his department keeps a file of press clippings about the minister. When he took over Immigration in 1950 Tim Reid, information officer of the department, rang up to ask for biographical material.

"You've got the Parliamentary Guide, haven't you?" Harris said. "It's correct."

The Parliamentary Guide biography is one 12-line paragraph. Reid pointed out that it omits a lot. For instance, it doesn't mention the fact that Harris is the only MP to have been wounded in action in World War II.

"It doesn't," said Harris, "and don't you mention it, either."

This attitude depresses Liberals who'd like to set press agents to work making the name Walter Harris a household word. Without more co-operation from him, they can see no way of turning him into a Colorful Character.

He might conceivably be presented as a Poor Boy Who Made Good. He was born on a farm not far from Markdale, a little Ontario town 80 miles northwest of Toronto, which has been his home since 1931. The farm didn't yield much of a living; when Walter was five the family moved to Toronto where his father got work as a carpenter.

By Harris' account, though, his boyhood was comfortable and commonplace. If the family was poor the three children didn't know it. Walter, the youngest, went uneventfully through school, played football for Humber College (he recalls with some pride that he played on the senior team while still young enough to be captain of the junior team as well) and graduated at 17. He went immediately to work for a Toronto law firm as an articled clerk, studied part-time at Osgoode Hall, the Ontario law school, and after five years of this was admitted to the Bar.

Harris wishes now he had taken time to work his way through university, as a law student would have to do today. Perhaps because of regret that he never went to college, he has kept his formal education in unusually good repair—he can still help his 14-year-old daughter with her Latin and algebra, though he was

Continued on page 55

Look what they've learned

BY MCKENZIE PORTER

Clip this article and next time your head aches maybe you'll find out why—thanks to the discoveries of a medical-research team in Montreal who began by wondering about that common "pain in the neck"

DURING the last seven years medical scientists at McGill University in Montreal have learned more than has ever been known before about that age-old human affliction, the headache.

Basing their experiments on the knowledge that ninety percent of headaches are caused by emotion they have pinned down the type of worry responsible for the pain. In addition they've provided the first clear conception of what happens inside the head when the pain is in progress.

Robert B. Malmo, leader of the fifteen-man McGill research team, has reached the conclusion that "Headache-prone people suffer from a form of anxiety neurosis. They regard everyday difficulties as emergencies and cannot make up their minds how to cope with them. The mental conflict involved sets up a physical chain of events leading to pain in the head. It was not by chance that the term 'headache' came to have the same meaning as the word 'problem.'"

Malmo has made his deductions from a study of muscles at the back of the neck and in the shoulders. These muscles react to psychological disturbances. Simultaneously blood vessels in the head expand and cause the ache.

Man has always been vaguely aware of this relationship between emotion, neck muscles and cranial blood vessels. If a clerk starts to worry about his rating with the boss the muscles at the back of his neck contract, the blood vessels in his head expand and other clerks in the office, noting his distress, say: "One day that guy will burst a blood vessel." As the clerk goes on brooding the blood vessels in his head swell so much he gets a headache. All this time the muscles at the back of his neck have been shrinking deeper and deeper. Now they begin to tire and to ache. The clerk becomes exasperated and says of his boss: "He gives me a pain in the neck."

According to Malmo, such common remarks, for generations regarded as mere figures of speech, can now be looked on as literal medical truths, and the discovery of the mechanism of headaches explains why they are often preceded, accompanied or followed by neck aches and shoulder aches.

Malmo is an American who took his doctor's degree in psychology at Yale, served during the last war in the medical branch of the United States Army, and joined McGill in 1947 as associate professor in the Department of Psychiatry. He now has two chief associates, both Canadians. One is Charles Shagass, a Montrealer, who has a medical degree and a master's degree in psychology. The other is John F. Davis, an Ottawan, who first qualified as an electrical engineer, then as a physician, and finally joined McGill as an expert in the electronic instruments used in medical research. All three are in their late thirties.

The funds for their experiments are provided by the Surgeon General's Office of the United States Army. The U. S. brass has been interested in headaches since the last war when it was found that eight percent of the men rejected on medical grounds were chronic victims of this complaint and that half the American combatants removed from battle after psychological crack-ups reported headaches.

McGill was entrusted with the experiments because, under the influence of Dr. Wilder Penfield, the celebrated neurologist, the university's medical faculty has become one of the world's foremost for the study of the substance and the fantasy of the brain. McGill scientists are among the leaders in psychosomatic medicine, the study of the relationship between psychological and physiological disorders.

Malmo's findings are of interest to civilian as well as military medicine. Surveys indicate that in Canada and the United States one out of every four people complains of some sort of headache every day. Canadian and U. S. drugstores sell more headache remedies than any other kind of patent medicine. Headaches cost industry millions of lost manhours. Like the common cold the headache is one of the most widespread human ailments. Because the headache rarely threatens life, there has been little research into its causes in the past, and the project Malmo heads at McGill is the most extensive study yet made.

Most of Malmo's experiments are conducted with an electromyograph. This instrument records the

contraction and expansion of muscles like a seismograph records the tremors of the earth. Even when an individual is relaxed his muscles are continually contracting and expanding. When a person is under mental stress various sets of muscles contract more, increasing the range of the pulsation.

Malmo believes that different kinds of mental stress affect different sets of muscles. He has gathered enough evidence to suggest, for example, that sexual worries make the leg muscles contract and hostility makes the arm muscles contract. "It is not beyond the bounds of reason," he says, "that other specific passions, say greed or envy, make the finger muscles or the back muscles contract."

After severe or prolonged contraction the muscles ache. Many common aches and pains may have psychological origins.

In his headache experiments Malmo attaches electrodes to the neck muscles. From these he runs a wire to the electromyograph. In the electromyograph a pen responds to the movement of the muscles. It shows the pulsation in ink on an unrolling strip of paper in the form of a continuous letter "w." During mental stress the deeper contraction of the muscles is represented by an increase in the size of the "wwwwww" until they look like this: "WWWWW." The stronger the activity of the muscles the greater is the head pain.

These medical detectives can now "see" a picture of the headache waxing and waning

Working independently of Malmo is Dr. M. M. Tunis, a McGill biologist who has developed an instrument which records the expansion and contraction of the blood vessels in much the same way that the electromyograph records the muscle movement.

By taking recordings from the muscles and the blood vessels both Malmo and Tunis can get a picture of a headache and its degree of intensity. They are able to "watch" a headache waxing and waning. Malmo believes that the muscles respond first to psychological stress and that in headaches the dilation of the blood vessels causing pain in the scalp is a secondary action.

Neither Malmo nor Tunis nor any other authority knows the exact connection between the muscular action in the neck and the vascular action in the head during a headache, but time and again their instruments have shown that both disturbances are concurrent throughout the pain.

The belief in links between emotion, muscles and blood vessels is in line with the biological theory that all animal life is equipped by nature with a mechanism which during an emergency releases adrenalin into the blood stream and tenses the muscles for flight or fight. If this delicate mechanism gets out of balance in a human being he becomes too jumpy. He exaggerates or fancies

d about Headaches



dangers. The muscles, weary of constant tension, ache.

Between 300 and 400 patients at the Allan Memorial Institute, McGill's psychiatric clinic, volunteered their services as guinea pigs for Malmo. Psychoneurotics were chosen not because they suffer more headaches than normal people but because they worry more.

The different kinds of worry from which psychoneurotics suffer often lead to different kinds of muscular afflictions. Some, for example, get nervous tics; some limp; others, though suffering from no physically detectable cardiac disease, get palpitations of the heart. Malmo decided that since psychoneurotics show stronger muscular reactions to mental stress they would be better for his purposes than normal people. About half his psychoneurotic subjects suffered from varying degrees of headache and half were headache-free.

Before he started his experiments Malmo studied every type of headache known to medical science and ruled out as irrelevant the categories that have nonemotional origins.

The first of these is the least common and most dangerous headache. It is caused by a growth, tumor or abscess, or by a membrane swollen by fever like meningitis, or by an infection like a mastoid lump pressing on pain-sensitive fibres inside the skull. These represent an infinitesimal fraction of headaches and are usually treated by surgery.

Another group outside the scope of Malmo's experiments are the headaches caused by noxious chemical agents which swell the blood vessels in the head in the same way that emotion does. These chemicals include carbon monoxide, found in car-exhaust fumes and overcrowded underventilated rooms; carbon dioxide which is present in air at high altitudes; the nitrates used in the industrial production of fertilizers and explosives; and alcohol. They are the sources of the headaches that are picked up in garages, air liners, stuffy buildings, factories and cocktail bars. But these amount to only about ten percent of headaches. The remaining ninety percent are emotional and therefore within the span of Malmo's researches.

Malmo next studied the most familiar emotional headache. Its name is migraine. Its precise extent is difficult to gauge because it is believed that fewer than half the cases are reported to doctors. But W. G. Lennox, an American authority on seizures, studied 15,000 patients and found that eight percent suffered from migraine.

A typical migraine attack begins with a feeling of unusual well-being and high spirits. During this phase the blood vessels in the head are shrunk to an abnormal degree but the muscles in the nape of the neck are beginning to oscillate. Then the victim starts to suffer from vertigo, spots before the eyes, tremors, dry mouth, pallor, and alternating periods of sweating and shivering. Sometimes there is vomiting. Simultaneously the blood vessels in the head swell beyond the normal and

the neck and shoulder muscles begin an accelerated pulsation. Head pains are felt first, neck and shoulder pains later. The pains may be of any duration from a few minutes to several weeks. They range from the barely perceptible to the most agonizing. Often they start at sundown and end at sundown, the victim wants nothing more than to be left alone in a darkened room, and at night sleeps normally.

No social, intellectual, racial or economic group is immune from migraine. It can attack people at any age but it usually starts in adolescence. Most of migraine's victims have relatives who suffer from the same complaint. When the bout is over the victim once more enjoys a period of well-being and is happy, talkative and energetic, with a good appetite. He wants to go to parties, and is unwilling to go to bed early.

Malmo read the histories of many migraine cases studied at Cornell University by Harold G. Wolff, one of the world's leading authorities on this complaint. These revealed sufferers who, as children, had tended to be delicate, shy and polite. They took excessive care of their toys and clothes, but occasionally would burst out in fits of obstinacy and defiance and reveal a "chip on the shoulder"

Headache-prone people are often aloof, easily miffed. They usually chase perfection

attitude. During adolescence they were preoccupied with moral and ethical problems, particularly concerning sex, and were disappointed with others who were not so meticulous. As adults they were clean, well-dressed, yet exceptionally conservative. The women tended to sacrifice physical appeal for severe neatness. Both men and women made a fetish of perfectionism. One woman proudly called herself "a Dutch cleanser" and her husband put his finger on the cause of her frequent headaches when he said, "She'd be better if she threw away that mop." A man made a bedtime ritual of arranging towel, soap, toothbrush, shaving brush, razor and hairbrush in a set pattern in anticipation of the morning's toilet. In general these people were successful yet they were continually harassed by the conviction that they had not made enough of their opportunities. Sometimes their headaches occurred during holidays when they were frustrated by not being at work. In other cases headaches struck when the victims were up against a test, and anxiety to excel drove them to mental exhaustion. An army lieutenant always got an attack of migraine when he was made orderly officer. A schoolteacher suffered attacks when she attempted a difficult post-graduate course.

The Wolff studies at Cornell, which helped lay the foundation for what Malmo is doing at McGill, showed that migraine cases are usually cautious in society. They affect a cold aloof air but if others

display no warmth toward them they are hurt, although too proud to show it. The bottling up of their grief adds to their mental stress.

While Wolff's male subjects seemed to enjoy satisfactory sex lives, four fifths of the women were maladjusted. Such women outwardly tried to give the impression of leading happily married lives.

Wolff classified migraine subjects as "tense, driving, perfectionist, order-loving rigid persons who, during periods of threat or conflict, become progressively more fatigued."

With his associates, Shagass and Davis, and 12 assistants, Malmo set himself the task of pinpointing the cause of this tautness that marks all emotional headaches.

The first experiment consisted of a series of psychiatric interviews with headache-prone and headache-free subjects. During the interviews electrodes on the muscles of the subject's neck were connected to an electromyograph. At the same time a tape recording of the conversation was made. When the interview was over, electronics expert Davis synchronized electromyograph recordings and tape recordings. It was found that in the case of headache-prone subjects the muscles at the back of the neck showed a much greater activity when they were talking about matters which distressed them.

One subject was a blacksmith known to have borne resentments against his father, for whom he worked. With great difficulty psychiatrists persuaded him to talk about a painful incident in his youth. The blacksmith recalled how he raised a sledgehammer and just as he was about to bring it down on a piece of hot metal held in tongs by his father he was seized by a murderous impulse. He resisted the temptation to strike his father but the recollection of the incident had been on his conscience ever since. As he talked about it he developed a headache.

A woman patient of Hungarian birth who had been hostile to her husband was induced to recall, much against her will, the time when she said to him "I wish you'd drop dead." A few days later at his work the husband was fatally injured. The woman went to see him in hospital. Just before he died he said to her: "Well, you got your wish." This memory had been partly responsible for the woman's mental breakdown. As she discussed it she got a headache.

A younger woman, a clever and highly paid private secretary, was fundamentally so timid she could never protest when people took unfair advantage of her diligence. Her efforts to conceal this weakness had resulted in such a nervous strain that she had become mentally ill. She was shown a National Film Board psychiatric short entitled, *Margaret—The Feeling of Rejection*. The central character was a girl suffering from much the same disadvantage as herself—a lack of parental love and home security during childhood. When the movie was over the psychiatrists asked her to talk about it. She did so

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He could see her in his mind,



the exquisite creature who had carelessly dropped a glove,
still warm from her hand. Who was she?

Who was the Woman of the Glove?

ON ONE of those hot August days when the heat hangs on the land like a huge damp paw I was hitchhiking to Montreal and not getting a ride so I picked a good big elm tree near the road and sat down. Then when the cars went by I could stick up my thumb but I didn't have to move.

I guess twenty went by before the big black Cadillac came streaming along and I just passed my hand at him (because you know what Cadillacs are) but he stopped.

"I'm not going far, son," he said, "but hop in."

I mumbled my thanks and we sped off.

Now there is an etiquette to hitchhiking like everything else and that is that you take your cue from the driver. If he talks and wants you to talk—you talk. If he talks and doesn't want you to talk—you don't talk. We went six miles in five minutes and he didn't say a word. He was about sixty, compact, with a bald egg-shaped skull that shone dully in the heat. He was a determined driver: even in those big cars where they do everything they can for you with power-this and power-that his hands stayed more than casually on the wheel. Soon I found myself watching the hands: they were strongly veined, a series of high blue ridges crossing the backs in bold patterns, hands that looked powerful. And clean: each nail was trimmed to an exact length and shape, the cuticle meticulously tamed. They were stubby, chunky hands, yet I was struck with the gentle taper at the ends of the fingers. On his left hand he wore a heavy gold ring with a deep S engraved on it.

He frowned heavily as we raced along. It must have been after the tenth mile that he started to talk, lazy, careless, predictable talk: the weather—"hot"; the political situation—"deplorable"; the inevitability of war—"inevitable."

"Do you smoke?" he said suddenly taking a large gold cigar case from his coat pocket and extracting from it an evil-looking black cigar. It was not a day for cigars which I do not like anyway so I declined. But I noticed his ring again and commented on it for I have always been fond of rings: the first appreciable amount of money I ever earned went into a flattish gold ring, too thin to be ostentatious, which became an unrequited love-token in the first great unrequited love of my life.

"It's a beautiful ring," he said. "It gives some body to a

finger—a touch of luxury. Hands hint at so much as if they concealed secrets. Good rings give up part of the secrets because they chart flaws, some of those small delicacies that make hands individual. It's the same with gloves."

"Surely gloves hide rather than reveal," I said, smiling.

He looked at me very seriously. "You are too young, I think, to be profound," he said, the frown growing on his face. "Rings are mere gilding, but gloves cut the whole cloth." He seemed pleased with the phrase, the frown relaxed, and the speedometer edged up a bit.

"I'm afraid I can't see that," I said.

"Perhaps I can explain it to you," he replied after thinking a moment. "We must go back, before the wars . . ." He shrugged his shoulders over the wheel. Then he leaned over and said, "Do you know Quebec?"

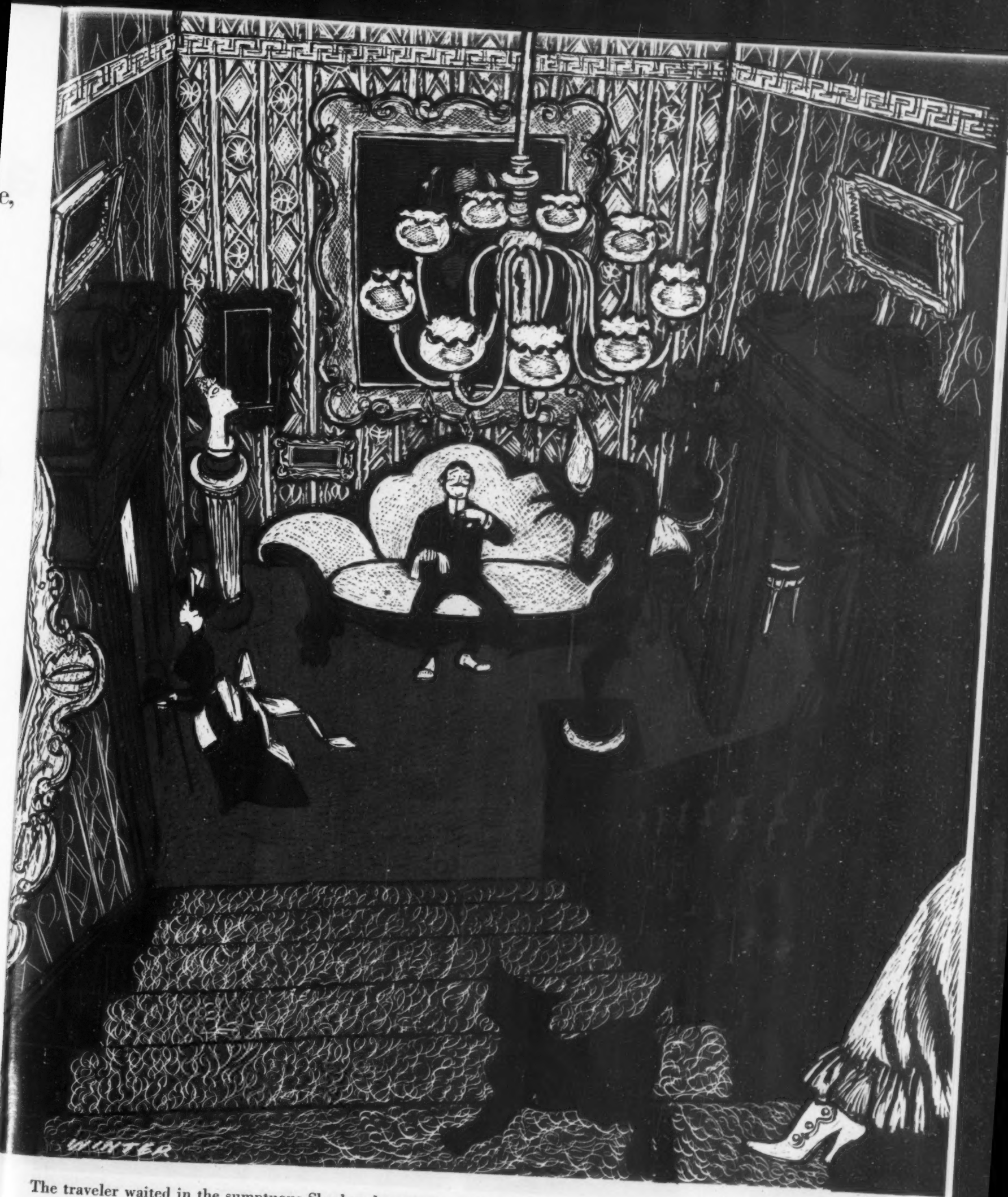
"A little."

"Ah. Well. When I was young I knew Quebec very well. I traveled there, through the Eastern Townships. I was a salesman, but it was more serious than that. I went from place to place and took orders and made installations and built a reputation. It was very hard." The frown came back as he remembered. "The job was a lonely one. I had few friends. I worked days; at nights I would walk about the towns and listen to the talk in the cafés. Occasionally there would be a girl . . ."

He described the circuit he took around the townships many times each year. And the lonely nights. He stayed at those small hotels that are cold and damp in the winter, with bad plumbing and grouchy proprietors. In them, at night, alone, he would lie for hours dreaming of an industrial empire he planned to build. He did not know how he would build it, but he dreamed anyway. It was a time in a dimming and carefully remembered past, from which he chose for me only the pertinent impressions.

"One spring night," he said, "in May I believe, I was coming to the end of one of the trips. It was such a night, a kind of madness was in the air. It had been a poor day and I was in no mood that evening to go to the hotel so I walked and pretended I was a great success, and that I was in love. I went for some miles into the country looking for a hill—or even a small rise—so I could get above things. Continued on page 60

BY JOHN GRAY Illustrated by William Winter

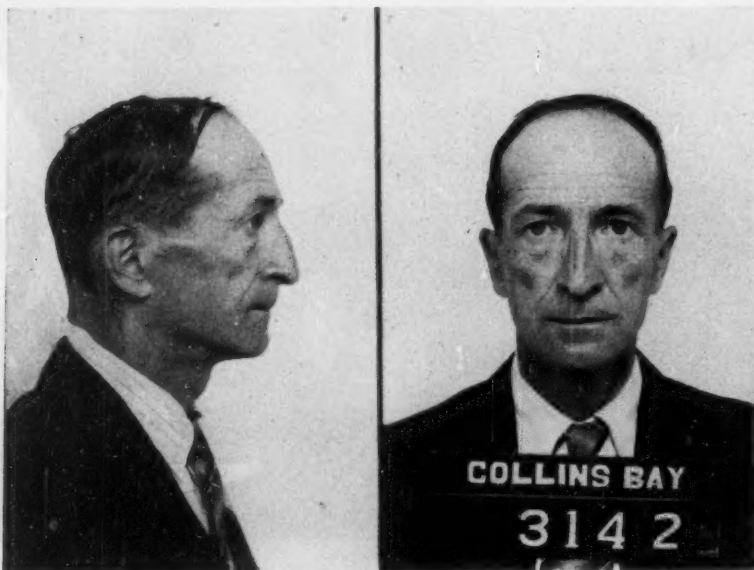


The traveler waited in the sumptuous Sherbrooke mansion. In a few moments now he would meet her, face to face.



The Abbé Taillefer was arrested with the money still in his hand from the sale of thirty-two ounces of heroin — worth anything up to \$140,000 to addicts.

A crooked priest, a minor racketeer, the big boss and his mistress—the Mounties sent a



FRONT MAN: Taillefer worked from his presbytery in a Montreal suburb.



GO-BETWEEN: Lapres was almost certain he was mixing with a Mountie.

The Case of the Drug-Peddling Priest

Detective fiction pales beside this true story of how the Mounties tangled with a Montreal heroin ring. Braving the violent death that stalked his steps, the young undercover man closed a perfect case only to suffer sad disappointment

AS FRANK DeCHEVERRY sauntered down the street toward Montreal's Central Station, unknown gangsters watched him. When he turned his head he could see from the corner of his eye the black-robed figure of the priest. Somewhere behind the priest, he knew, was a thick-set round-faced man whose gun scarcely bulged his elegant tailoring.

It had taken DeCheverry and the RCMP squad which he spearheaded six months to lure this man to the trap that was ready to spring this September morning. In the next few minutes DeCheverry would know whether the time, the risk and the thousands of dollars had been wasted, or whether he had captured the brains of the biggest wholesale drug ring in Canada.

Constable Frank DeCheverry is a Royal Canadian Mounted Policeman, one of our federal plain-clothes men whose job is to keep the drug traffic in check. There are an estimated 3,000 to 5,000 addicts in Canada. They're a far graver problem than their numbers indicate because, with few exceptions, they are criminals. They cannot hold a job. Their entire existence becomes a search for narcotics. The addict becomes a pickpocket, sneak thief, burglar, shoplifter, forger or pimp.

Women very often enter prostitution.

These are no ordinary criminals. According to one survey, only two percent of the shoplifters in chain stores are addicts, but those two percent steal 96 percent of the value of the goods stolen. The money they siphon off from society is staggering, for heroin is worth, literally, more than one hundred times its weight in gold.

Legally, an ounce of heroin sells for \$10 to \$12. But an addict pays anywhere from \$3 to \$10 for one grain, and invariably this grain has been adulterated by fifty percent. There are 437 grains in one ounce. That means that an ounce, pure, by the time it has passed along the intricate underworld supply route to the addict brings anywhere from \$2,500 to \$8,500.

This incredible profit is reaped by an equally incredible criminal network. The individual racketeer has gone, and the traffic is controlled today by "syndicates" headed by the kind of man that Frank DeCheverry was stalking: clever, suave, outwardly well-mannered but inwardly as vicious and as dangerous as any old-time gangster.

The name syndicate suggests the new approach. The syndicate bosses have accountants and lawyers; they pay their employees fixed salaries or

commissions. They operate as efficiently as any modern business—except that their business is crime.

Cities like Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver may have several syndicates. They compete by raising the quality of their product or cutting the price, like any other business firm. No one man controls them all, a common misapprehension. Neither are they controlled from the U. S., though the U. S. syndicates often contribute capital.

The syndicates with the main retail outlets are in Vancouver, which has nearly half the addicts in Canada. The addicts buy from a street peddler, or "pusher," who is frequently an addict himself. A pusher will service 15 or 20 addicts. He, in turn, gives his order to a "front-end" who tells his pushers where to find the constantly changing street caches. Behind the front-end is a "back-end," who cuts the drug with sugar of milk to help the profit along, "caps" it (puts a grain in a gelatine capsule), and caches it in packages of 25 to 50 caps. Only the back-end, as a rule, knows the big boss, the "connection."

The connection DeCheverry was hunting headed what might be called the drug department of his particular Montreal syndicate. He had several associates on the same level, racketeers who had grown rich on gambling profits. This was a wholesale syndicate and therefore simpler in structure than a retail organization.

Montreal is the main wholesale centre for Canada. The Montreal rings have contacts in New York, the main port of entry on this continent for heroin. The New York crime cartel has agents who buy from over-producing legal factories on this continent or from illegal factories in southern Europe. The factories distill morphine and the more concentrated heroin from raw opium. The illegal opium is smuggled in, usually by sea, from the poppy-growing lands of the Near and Far East.

The Script Was Written Backstage

It is only once, occasionally twice a year, that the RCMP can reach behind the addicts to the men who control the traffic. These men know every trick of the federal police. They lurk back in the shadows and let their front men take the risk. Even after the Montreal connection was known there was still the job of getting evidence that would stand up in court against the cross-examination of a skillful defense lawyer.

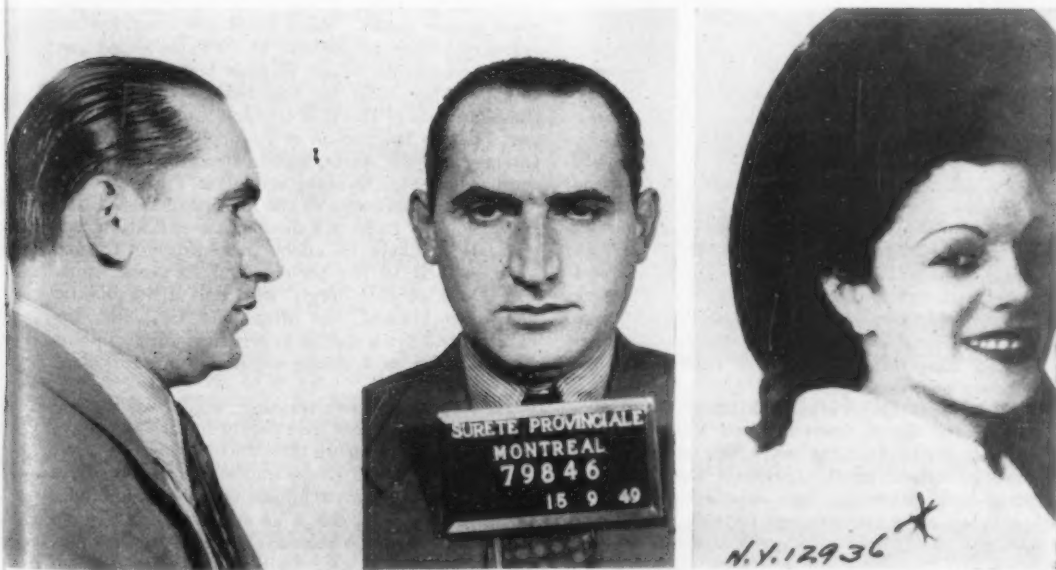
The investigation was a psychological drama spiced with danger. Most of the dialogue was a clash of wits between four members of the incongruous cast: the RCMP undercover man, a secret agent, a canny sociable racketeer, and a priest. But this dialogue was in large part prepared off stage, on one side by the two RCMP who directed the investigation, on the other by the syndicate boss. These were the real antagonists, unknown strangers working from experience and reports, probing in the dark for each other's weaknesses. And in the background, the inevitable minor characters: the stool pigeons, the strong-arm men, a shady businessman from Quebec City and the pretty buxom mistress of a call house.

It began with an RCMP plain-clothes constable, Ross Andrews. At 27, Andrews was already an old hand in the drug squad, a big, relaxed, clear-thinking policeman. He had good contacts among the addicts in Montreal. One day in January 1949 he picked up a tip that Jean-Claude Lapres was wholesaling narcotics in a big way.

Andrews was well acquainted with "Johnny" Lapres, a cagey racketeer on the fringe of the big time, a dealer in high-grade gold and a former counterfeiter. In April, Andrews had his chance. A businessman from Quebec City came into the Montreal CIB office. This man—we will call him André Houle—was mixed up in several shady business transactions and he wanted the Mounties' good will. He knew an associate of Lapres and he offered to introduce an RCMP undercover man to him.

The chance was too good to let go. Inspector Wilson Brady, Andrews' boss, sent in a reserve constable. He met Lapres' Continued on page 45

human decoy into the lion's den and he brought them back alive



MASTERMIND: Sisco whispered, "Don't try anything or you've had it." Above: Suzanne Filleau.

Look what they've learned

BY MCKENZIE PORTER

Clip this article and next time your head aches maybe you'll find out why—thanks to the discoveries of a medical-research team in Montreal who began by wondering about that common "pain in the neck"

DURING the last seven years medical scientists at McGill University in Montreal have learned more than has ever been known before about that age-old human affliction, the headache.

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Robert B. Malmo, leader of the fifteen-man McGill research team, has reached the conclusion that "Headache-prone people suffer from a form of anxiety neurosis. They regard everyday difficulties as emergencies and cannot make up their minds how to cope with them. The mental conflict involved sets up a physical chain of events leading to pain in the head. It was not by chance that the term 'headache' came to have the same meaning as the word 'problem.'"

Malmo has made his deductions from a study of muscles at the back of the neck and in the shoulders. These muscles react to psychological disturbances. Simultaneously blood vessels in the head expand and cause the ache.

Man has always been vaguely aware of this relationship between emotion, neck muscles and cranial blood vessels. If a clerk starts to worry about his rating with the boss the muscles at the back of his neck contract, the blood vessels in his head expand and other clerks in the office, noting his distress, say: "One day that guy will burst a blood vessel." As the clerk goes on brooding the blood vessels in his head swell so much he gets a headache. All this time the muscles at the back of his neck have been shrinking deeper and deeper. Now they begin to tire and to ache. The clerk becomes exasperated and says of his boss: "He gives me a pain in the neck."

According to Malmo, such common remarks, for generations regarded as mere figures of speech, can now be looked on as literal medical truths, and the discovery of the mechanism of headaches explains why they are often preceded, accompanied or followed by neck aches and shoulder aches.

Malmo is an American who took his doctor's degree in psychology at Yale, served during the last war in the medical branch of the United States Army, and joined McGill in 1947 as associate professor in the Department of Psychiatry. He now has two chief associates, both Canadians. One is Charles Shagass, a Montrealer, who has a medical degree and a master's degree in psychology. The other is John F. Davis, an Ottawan, who first qualified as an electrical engineer, then as a physician, and finally joined McGill as an expert in the electronic instruments used in medical research. All three are in their late thirties.

The funds for their experiments are provided by the Surgeon General's Office of the United States Army. The U. S. brass has been interested in headaches since the last war when it was found that eight percent of the men rejected on medical grounds were chronic victims of this complaint and that half the American combatants removed from battle after psychological crack-ups reported headaches.

McGill was entrusted with the experiments because, under the influence of Dr. Wilder Penfield, the celebrated neurologist, the university's medical faculty has become one of the world's foremost for the study of the substance and the fantasy of the brain. McGill scientists are among the leaders in psychosomatic medicine, the study of the relationship between psychological and physiological disorders.

Malmo's findings are of interest to civilian as well as military medicine. Surveys indicate that in Canada and the United States one out of every four people complains of some sort of headache every day. Canadian and U. S. drugstores sell more headache remedies than any other kind of patent medicine. Headaches cost industry millions of lost manhours. Like the common cold the headache is one of the most widespread human ailments. Because the headache rarely threatens life, there has been little research into its causes in the past, and the project Malmo heads at McGill is the most extensive study yet made.

Most of Malmo's experiments are conducted with an electromyograph. This instrument records the

contraction and expansion of muscles like a seismograph records the tremors of the earth. Even when an individual is relaxed his muscles are continually contracting and expanding. When a person is under mental stress various sets of muscles contract more, increasing the range of the pulsation.

Malmo believes that different kinds of mental stress affect different sets of muscles. He has gathered enough evidence to suggest, for example, that sexual worries make the leg muscles contract and hostility makes the arm muscles contract. "It is not beyond the bounds of reason," he says, "that other specific passions, say greed or envy, make the finger muscles or the back muscles contract."

After severe or prolonged contraction the muscles ache. Many common aches and pains may have psychological origins.

In his headache experiments Malmo attaches electrodes to the neck muscles. From these he runs a wire to the electromyograph. In the electromyograph a pen responds to the movement of the muscles. It shows the pulsation in ink on an unrolling strip of paper in the form of a continuous letter "w." During mental stress the deeper contraction of the muscles is represented by an increase in the size of the "wwwwww" until they look like this: "WWWWW." The stronger the activity of the muscles the greater is the head pain.

These medical detectives can now "see" a picture of the headache waxing and waning

Working independently of Malmo is Dr. M. M. Tunis, a McGill biologist who has developed an instrument which records the expansion and contraction of the blood vessels in much the same way that the electromyograph records the muscle movement.

By taking recordings from the muscles and the blood vessels both Malmo and Tunis can get a picture of a headache and its degree of intensity. They are able to "watch" a headache waxing and waning. Malmo believes that the muscles respond first to psychological stress and that in headaches the dilation of the blood vessels causing pain in the scalp is a secondary action.

Neither Malmo nor Tunis nor any other authority knows the exact connection between the muscular action in the neck and the vascular action in the head during a headache, but time and again their instruments have shown that both disturbances are concurrent throughout the pain.

The belief in links between emotion, muscles and blood vessels is in line with the biological theory that all animal life is equipped by nature with a mechanism which during an emergency releases adrenalin into the blood stream and tenses the muscles for flight or fight. If this delicate mechanism gets out of balance in a human being he becomes too jumpy. He exaggerates or fancies

d about Headaches



dangers. The muscles, weary of constant tension, ache.

Between 300 and 400 patients at the Allan Memorial Institute, McGill's psychiatric clinic, volunteered their services as guinea pigs for Malmo. Psychoneurotics were chosen not because they suffer more headaches than normal people but because they worry more.

The different kinds of worry from which psychoneurotics suffer often lead to different kinds of muscular afflictions. Some, for example, get nervous tics; some limp; others, though suffering from no physically detectable cardiac disease, get palpitations of the heart. Malmo decided that since psychoneurotics show stronger muscular reactions to mental stress they would be better for his purposes than normal people. About half his psychoneurotic subjects suffered from varying degrees of headache and half were headache-free.

Before he started his experiments Malmo studied every type of headache known to medical science and ruled out as irrelevant the categories that have nonemotional origins.

The first of these is the least common and most dangerous headache. It is caused by a growth, tumor or abscess, or by a membrane swollen by fever like meningitis, or by an infection like a mastoid lump pressing on pain-sensitive fibres inside the skull. These represent an infinitesimal fraction of headaches and are usually treated by surgery.

Another group outside the scope of Malmo's experiments are the headaches caused by noxious chemical agents which swell the blood vessels in the head in the same way that emotion does. These chemicals include carbon monoxide, found in car-exhaust fumes and overcrowded underventilated rooms; carbon dioxide which is present in air at high altitudes; the nitrates used in the industrial production of fertilizers and explosives; and alcohol. They are the sources of the headaches that are picked up in garages, air liners, stuffy buildings, factories and cocktail bars. But these amount to only about ten percent of headaches. The remaining ninety percent are emotional and therefore within the span of Malmo's researches.

Malmo next studied the most familiar emotional headache. Its name is migraine. Its precise extent is difficult to gauge because it is believed that fewer than half the cases are reported to doctors. But W. G. Lennox, an American authority on seizures, studied 15,000 patients and found that eight percent suffered from migraine.

A typical migraine attack begins with a feeling of unusual well-being and high spirits. During this phase the blood vessels in the head are shrunk to an abnormal degree but the muscles in the nape of the neck are beginning to oscillate. Then the victim starts to suffer from vertigo, spots before the eyes, tremors, dry mouth, pallor, and alternating periods of sweating and shivering. Sometimes there is vomiting. Simultaneously the blood vessels in the head swell beyond the normal and

the neck and shoulder muscles begin an accelerated pulsation. Head pains are felt first, neck and shoulder pains later. The pains may be of any duration from a few minutes to several weeks. They range from the barely perceptible to the most agonizing. Often they start at sunup and end at sundown, the victim wants nothing more than to be left alone in a darkened room, and at night sleeps normally.

No social, intellectual, racial or economic group is immune from migraine. It can attack people at any age but it usually starts in adolescence. Most of migraine's victims have relatives who suffer from the same complaint. When the bout is over the victim once more enjoys a period of well-being and is happy, talkative and energetic, with a good appetite. He wants to go to parties, and is unwilling to go to bed early.

Malmo read the histories of many migraine cases studied at Cornell University by Harold G. Wolff, one of the world's leading authorities on this complaint. These revealed sufferers who, as children, had tended to be delicate, shy and polite. They took excessive care of their toys and clothes, but occasionally would burst out in fits of obstinacy and defiance and reveal a "chip on the shoulder"

Headache-prone people are often aloof, easily miffed. They usually chase perfection

attitude. During adolescence they were preoccupied with moral and ethical problems, particularly concerning sex, and were disappointed with others who were not so meticulous. As adults they were clean, well-dressed, yet exceptionally conservative. The women tended to sacrifice physical appeal for severe neatness. Both men and women made a fetish of perfectionism. One woman proudly called herself "a Dutch cleanser" and her husband put his finger on the cause of her frequent headaches when he said, "She'd be better if she threw away that mop." A man made a bedtime ritual of arranging towel, soap, toothbrush, shaving brush, razor and hairbrush in a set pattern in anticipation of the morning's toilet. In general these people were successful yet they were continually harassed by the conviction that they had not made enough of their opportunities. Sometimes their headaches occurred during holidays when they were frustrated by not being at work. In other cases headaches struck when the victims were up against a test, and anxiety to excel drove them to mental exhaustion. An army lieutenant always got an attack of migraine when he was made orderly officer. A schoolteacher suffered attacks when she attempted a difficult post-graduate course.

The Wolff studies at Cornell, which helped lay the foundation for what Malmo is doing at McGill, showed that migraine cases are usually cautious in society. They affect a cold aloof air but if others

display no warmth toward them they are hurt, although too proud to show it. The bottling up of their grief adds to their mental stress.

While Wolff's male subjects seemed to enjoy satisfactory sex lives, four fifths of the women were maladjusted. Such women outwardly tried to give the impression of leading happily married lives.

Wolff classified migraine subjects as "tense, driving, perfectionist, order-loving rigid persons who, during periods of threat or conflict, become progressively more fatigued."

With his associates, Shagass and Davis, and 12 assistants, Malmo set himself the task of pinpointing the cause of this tautness that marks all emotional headaches.

The first experiment consisted of a series of psychiatric interviews with headache-prone and headache-free subjects. During the interviews electrodes on the muscles of the subject's neck were connected to an electromyograph. At the same time a tape recording of the conversation was made. When the interview was over, electronics expert Davis synchronized electromyograph recordings and tape recordings. It was found that in the case of headache-prone subjects the muscles at the back of the neck showed a much greater activity when they were talking about matters which distressed them.

One subject was a blacksmith known to have borne resentments against his father, for whom he worked. With great difficulty psychiatrists persuaded him to talk about a painful incident in his youth. The blacksmith recalled how he raised a sledgehammer and just as he was about to bring it down on a piece of hot metal held in tongs by his father he was seized by a murderous impulse. He resisted the temptation to strike his father but the recollection of the incident had been on his conscience ever since. As he talked about it he developed a headache.

A woman patient of Hungarian birth who had been hostile to her husband was induced to recall, much against her will, the time when she said to him "I wish you'd drop dead." A few days later at his work the husband was fatally injured. The woman went to see him in hospital. Just before he died he said to her: "Well, you got your wish." This memory had been partly responsible for the woman's mental breakdown. As she discussed it she got a headache.

A younger woman, a clever and highly paid private secretary, was fundamentally so timid she could never protest when people took unfair advantage of her diligence. Her efforts to conceal this weakness had resulted in such a nervous strain that she had become mentally ill. She was shown a National Film Board psychiatric short entitled, Margaret—The Feeling of Rejection. The central character was a girl suffering from much the same disadvantage as herself—a lack of parental love and home security during childhood. When the movie was over the psychiatrists asked her to talk about it. She did so

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He could see her in his mind,



the exquisite creature who had carelessly dropped a glove,
still warm from her hand. Who was she?

Who was the Woman of the Glove?

ON ONE of those hot August days when the heat hangs on the land like a huge damp paw I was hitchhiking to Montreal and not getting a ride so I picked a good big elm tree near the road and sat down. Then when the cars went by I could stick up my thumb but I didn't have to move.

I guess twenty went by before the big black Cadillac came streaming along and I just passed my hand at him (because you know what Cadillacs are) but he stopped.

"I'm not going far, son," he said, "but hop in."

I mumbled my thanks and we sped off.

Now there is an etiquette to hitchhiking like everything else and that is that you take your cue from the driver. If he talks and wants you to talk—you talk. If he talks and doesn't want you to talk—you don't talk. We went six miles in five minutes and he didn't say a word. He was about sixty, compact, with a bald egg-shaped skull that shone dully in the heat. He was a determined driver: even in those big cars where they do everything they can for you with power-this and power-that his hands stayed more than casually on the wheel. Soon I found myself watching the hands: they were strongly veined, a series of high blue ridges crossing the backs in bold patterns, hands that looked powerful. And clean: each nail was trimmed to an exact length and shape, the cuticle meticulously tamed. They were stubby, chunky hands, yet I was struck with the gentle taper at the ends of the fingers. On his left hand he wore a heavy gold ring with a deep S engraved on it.

He frowned heavily as we raced along. It must have been after the tenth mile that he started to talk, lazy, careless, predictable talk: the weather—"hot"; the political situation—"deplorable"; the inevitability of war—"inevitable."

"Do you smoke?" he said suddenly taking a large gold cigar case from his coat pocket and extracting from it an evil-looking black cigar. It was not a day for cigars which I do not like anyway so I declined. But I noticed his ring again and commented on it for I have always been fond of rings: the first appreciable amount of money I ever earned went into a flattish gold ring, too thin to be ostentatious, which became an unrequited love-token in the first great unrequited love of my life.

"It's a beautiful ring," he said. "It gives some body to a

finger—a touch of luxury. Hands hint at so much as if they concealed secrets. Good rings give up part of the secrets because they chart flaws, some of those small delicacies that make hands individual. It's the same with gloves."

"Surely gloves hide rather than reveal," I said, smiling.

He looked at me very seriously. "You are too young, I think, to be profound," he said, the frown growing on his face. "Rings are mere gilding, but gloves cut the whole cloth." He seemed pleased with the phrase, the frown relaxed, and the speedometer edged up a bit.

"I'm afraid I can't see that," I said.

"Perhaps I can explain it to you," he replied after thinking a moment. "We must go back, before the wars . . ." He shrugged his shoulders over the wheel. Then he leaned over and said, "Do you know Quebec?"

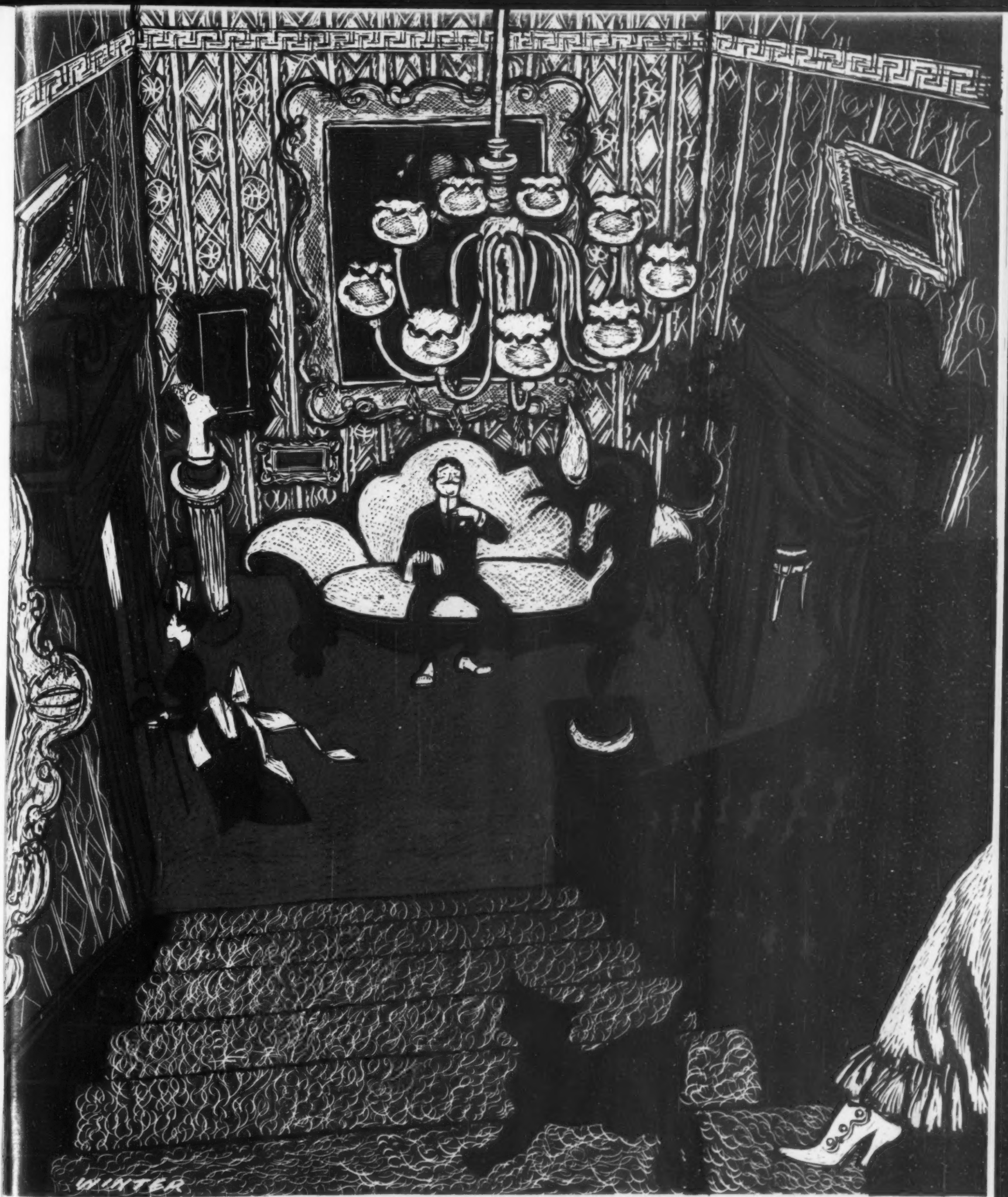
"A little."

"Ah. Well. When I was young I knew Quebec very well. I traveled there, through the Eastern Townships. I was a salesman, but it was more serious than that. I went from place to place and took orders and made installations and built a reputation. It was very hard." The frown came back as he remembered. "The job was a lonely one. I had few friends. I worked days; at nights I would walk about the towns and listen to the talk in the cafés. Occasionally there would be a girl . . ."

He described the circuit he took around the townships many times each year. And the lonely nights. He stayed at those small hotels that are cold and damp in the winter, with bad plumbing and grouchy proprietors. In them, at night, alone, he would lie for hours dreaming of an industrial empire he planned to build. He did not know how he would build it, but he dreamed anyway. It was a time in a dimming and carefully remembered past, from which he chose for me only the pertinent impressions.

"One spring night," he said, "in May I believe, I was coming to the end of one of the trips. It was such a night, a kind of madness was in the air. It had been a poor day and I was in no mood that evening to go to the hotel so I walked and pretended I was a great success, and that I was in love. I went for some miles into the country looking for a hill—or even a small rise—so I could get above things. Continued on page 60

BY JOHN GRAY Illustrated by William Winter

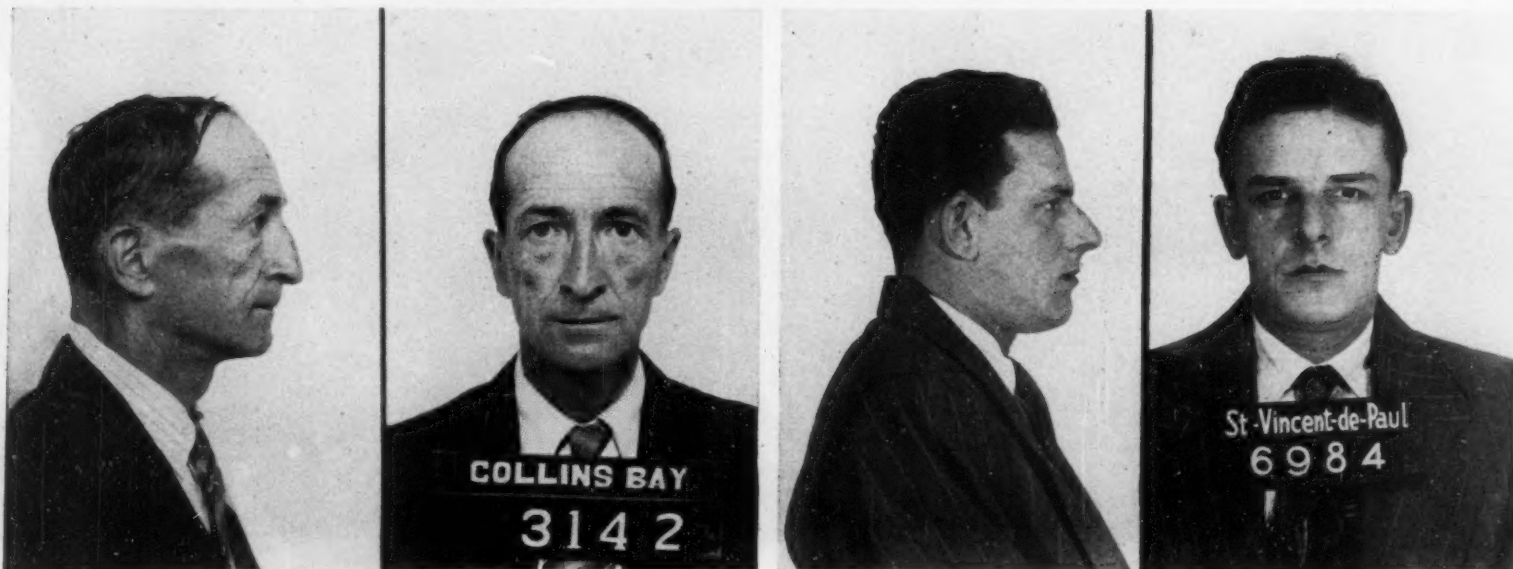


The traveler waited in the sumptuous Sherbrooke mansion. In a few moments now he would meet her, face to face.



The Abbé Taillefer was arrested with the money still in his hand from the sale of thirty-two ounces of heroin — worth anything up to \$140,000 to addicts.

A crooked priest, a minor racketeer, the big boss and his mistress—the Mounties sent a



FRONT MAN: Taillefer worked from his presbytery in a Montreal suburb.

GO-BETWEEN: Lapres was almost certain he was mixing with a Mountie.

The Case of the Drug-Peddling Priest

Detective fiction pales beside this true story of how the Mounties tangled with a Montreal heroin ring. Braving the violent death that stalked his steps, the young undercover man closed a perfect case only to suffer sad disappointment

AS FRANK DeCHEVERRY sauntered down the street toward Montreal's Central Station, unknown gangsters watched him. When he turned his head he could see from the corner of his eye the black-robed figure of the priest. Somewhere behind the priest, he knew, was a thick-set round-faced man whose gun scarcely bulged his elegant tailoring.

It had taken DeCheverry and the RCMP squad which he spearheaded six months to lure this man to the trap that was ready to spring this September morning. In the next few minutes DeCheverry would know whether the time, the risk and the thousands of dollars had been wasted, or whether he had captured the brains of the biggest wholesale drug ring in Canada.

Constable Frank DeCheverry is a Royal Canadian Mounted Policeman, one of our federal plain-clothes men whose job is to keep the drug traffic in check. There are an estimated 3,000 to 5,000 addicts in Canada. They're a far graver problem than their numbers indicate because, with few exceptions, they are criminals. They cannot hold a job. Their entire existence becomes a search for narcotics. The addict becomes a pickpocket, sneak thief, burglar, shoplifter, forger or pimp.

Women very often enter prostitution.

These are no ordinary criminals. According to one survey, only two percent of the shoplifters in chain stores are addicts, but those two percent steal 96 percent of the value of the goods stolen. The money they siphon off from society is staggering, for heroin is worth, literally, more than one hundred times its weight in gold.

Legally, an ounce of heroin sells for \$10 to \$12. But an addict pays anywhere from \$3 to \$10 for one grain, and invariably this grain has been adulterated by fifty percent. There are 437 grains in one ounce. That means that an ounce, pure, by the time it has passed along the intricate underworld supply route to the addict brings anywhere from \$2,500 to \$8,500.

This incredible profit is reaped by an equally incredible criminal network. The individual racketeer has gone, and the traffic is controlled today by "syndicates" headed by the kind of man that Frank DeCheverry was stalking: clever, suave, outwardly well-mannered but inwardly as vicious and as dangerous as any old-time gangster.

The name syndicate suggests the new approach. The syndicate bosses have accountants and lawyers; they pay their employees fixed salaries or

commissions. They operate as efficiently as any modern business—except that their business is crime.

Cities like Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver may have several syndicates. They compete by raising the quality of their product or cutting the price, like any other business firm. No one man controls them all, a common misapprehension. Neither are they controlled from the U. S., though the U. S. syndicates often contribute capital.

The syndicates with the main retail outlets are in Vancouver, which has nearly half the addicts in Canada. The addicts buy from a street peddler, or "pusher," who is frequently an addict himself. A pusher will service 15 or 20 addicts. He, in turn, gives his order to a "front-end" who tells his pushers where to find the constantly changing street caches. Behind the front-end is a "back-end," who cuts the drug with sugar or milk to help the profit along, "caps" it (puts a grain in a gelatine capsule), and caches it in packages of 25 to 50 caps. Only the back-end, as a rule, knows the big boss, the "connection."

The connection DeCheverry was hunting headed what might be called the drug department of his particular Montreal syndicate. He had several associates on the same level, racketeers who had grown rich on gambling profits. This was a wholesale syndicate and therefore simpler in structure than a retail organization.

Montreal is the main wholesale centre for Canada. The Montreal rings have contacts in New York, the main port of entry on this continent for heroin. The New York crime cartel has agents who buy from over-producing legal factories on this continent or from illegal factories in southern Europe. The factories distill morphine and the more concentrated heroin from raw opium. The illegal opium is smuggled in, usually by sea, from the poppy-growing lands of the Near and Far East.

The Script Was Written Backstage

It is only once, occasionally twice a year, that the RCMP can reach behind the addicts to the men who control the traffic. These men know every trick of the federal police. They lurk back in the shadows and let their front men take the risk. Even after the Montreal connection was known there was still the job of getting evidence that would stand up in court against the cross-examination of a skillful defense lawyer.

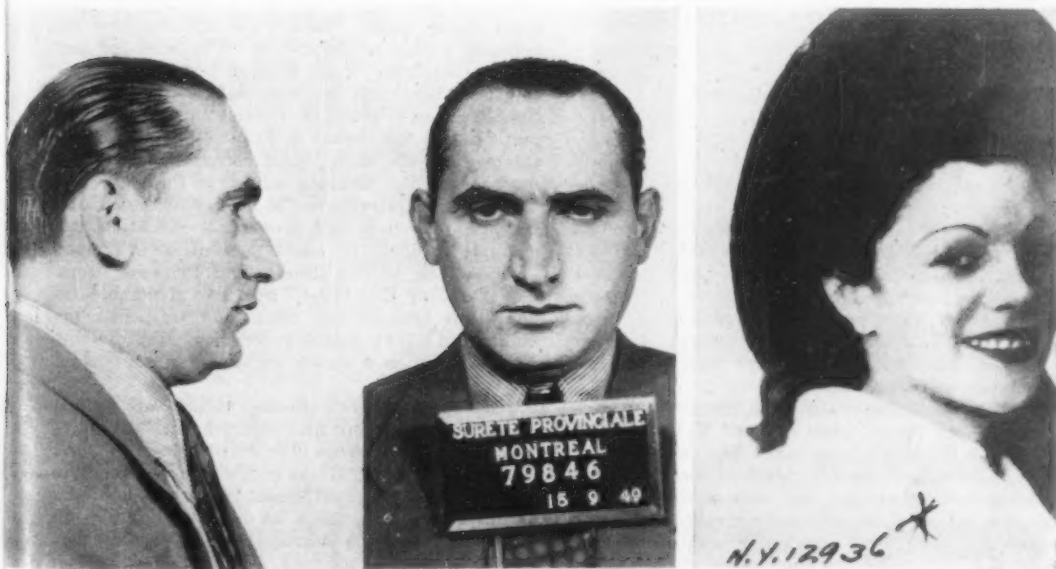
The investigation was a psychological drama spiced with danger. Most of the dialogue was a clash of wits between four members of the incongruous cast: the RCMP undercover man, a secret agent, a canny sociable racketeer, and a priest. But this dialogue was in large part prepared off stage, on one side by the two RCMP who directed the investigation, on the other by the syndicate boss. These were the real antagonists, unknown strangers working from experience and reports, probing in the dark for each other's weaknesses. And in the background, the inevitable minor characters: the stool pigeons, the strong-arm men, a shady businessman from Quebec City and the pretty buxom mistress of a call house.

It began with an RCMP plain-clothes constable, Ross Andrews. At 27, Andrews was already an old hand in the drug squad, a big, relaxed, clear-thinking policeman. He had good contacts among the addicts in Montreal. One day in January 1949 he picked up a tip that Jean-Claude Lapres was wholesaling narcotics in a big way.

Andrews was well acquainted with "Johnny" Lapres, a cagey racketeer on the fringe of the big time, a dealer in high-grade gold and a former counterfeiter. In April, Andrews had his chance. A businessman from Quebec City came into the Montreal CIB office. This man—we will call him André Houle—was mixed up in several shady business transactions and he wanted the Mounties' good will. He knew an associate of Lapres and he offered to introduce an RCMP undercover man to him.

The chance was too good to let go. Inspector Wilson Brady, Andrews' boss, sent in a reserve constable. He met Lapres' Continued on page 45

human decoy into the lion's den and he brought them back alive



MASTERMIND: Sisco whispered, "Don't try anything or you've had it." Above: Suzanne Filleau.



HARUM-SCARUM at eight, Alexandra attended an ordinary village school.



PRANKSTER at thirteen, she was partial to dormitory water-pistol fights.

A New Way to Bring Up a

The finishing touches to Alexandra of Kent's unique schooling come this month when she experiences the thrills and rigors of a Canadian tour. Will her democratic upbringing set a new pattern in the training of Great Britain's royal offspring?

By ALICIA VON LINDEN

IN DAYS gone by, young and beautiful fairy princesses were almost as plentiful as Wampus baby stars. They lived secluded but not unromantic lives in jeweled castles, sewing on samplers and pausing occasionally in their work to gaze on handsome princes who fought dragons, genii and each other for their hands.

Things have changed in the princess business. There seem so few of them around these days. And far from watching dragon fights they find themselves engaged in such prosaic matters as presiding at bazaars, attending charity balls, opening exhibitions and inspecting hydro plants.

The world's best-known princess is still Margaret of England, who has only to dance once with an eligible bachelor to make the front pages from Halifax to Karachi. But within the past year a new princess has become almost as familiar to the British public. She is Alexandra of Kent. Although she is only seventeen, she is already learning the

difficult and occasionally tiresome role of a modern-day princess.

This month, for example, Alexandra will accompany her mother, the Duchess of Kent, to Canada to open (a) the Canadian National Exhibition and (b) the huge new Ontario Hydro plant at Niagara Falls, as well as to shake several hundred strange Canadian hands. The brief but strenuous Canadian visit will constitute, in effect, a finishing course in modern princess-ship.

For the past century various princes and princesses of the blood, from Edward VII (1860) to Elizabeth II (1951), have taken this course. Now Alexandra herself must experience the sustained goldfish-bowl existence that only a voyage to a strange but loyal country can provide. It will be her first important appearance as a working member of the royal team and it will forcibly remind her of the truth that, in spite of her remarkably democratic upbringing, she is not quite like

other young girls—and never will be.

"Sometimes I find it difficult to remember you are a princess," the mother of one of her friends said to Alexandra a few years ago.

"Sometimes I find it rather hard myself," Alexandra replied.

For Alexandra's background is a curious *mélange* of the grand and the commonplace. She has not got the secluded background of nursery, nanny, tutor and governess which is the heritage of most royal young ladies. As a child she attended an ordinary village school and at 12 experienced the rough-and-tumble of an English boarding school. On the other hand her mid-teens were spent in the household of Henri of Orleans, Comte de Paris, pretender to the throne of France, and under the tutelage of Mlle Anita, headmistress of one of the most fashionable finishing schools in Paris.

As the first princess in the history of the British Royal Family to have a democratic education, her example is likely to affect the future of Prince Charles, heir to the throne, and Princess Anne. The Duke of Edinburgh, who had a democratic education himself, has often said he wants his children to have a similar experience. He can point to Alexandra as a strong argument in support of his views.

Indeed, Alexandra's training, which was arrived at partly by accident and partly by design, might easily stand as a future blueprint in *How To Raise A Royal Offspring*. Every inch a princess, she does credit to the eight royal houses whose blood mingles in her veins. But she is as much at home in an inexpensive hotel, a second-class railway carriage, or a London bus top as she is in the white and gold throne room of Buckingham Palace or a gilt-embossed state landau in a coronation procession.



CHANGELING at fifteen, she went to a Paris academy for "finishing."



SOPHISTICATED at seventeen, this is the chic Alexandra Canada will see.

a Princess

Her unusual background goes back to a tragic afternoon in August 1942, at Coppins, the Kents' small Victorian house at Iver, Buckinghamshire. Her father, the Duke of Kent, an RAF officer, came home early to weed his prize carnations and her mother, the former Princess Marina of Greece, was dressed in slacks and sweater, helping him until he had to change back to uniform and return to London. With her youngest baby in her arms she stood in the doorway and waved good-bye as he backed his car out of the garage.

He never came home again. That night he was killed in an air crash in Scotland, en route to Iceland. The tragedy hit the small family a terrible blow and it was three months before the Duchess was able to appear in public again.

The Kents had always wanted to protect their children from the cramping effect of the court. Now the Duchess was helped in this resolve by an uncomfortable lack of money. For there is no provision by parliament for the widow of a royal duke. Accustomed to an annual allowance equivalent to \$75,000 a year, the family now found it would have to live on a small RAF pension, the income from some minor investments and the spasmodic generosity of royal relatives.

The Duchess gave up her London house and retired permanently to Coppins, which is the smallest of the royal residences and had been a wedding gift. Here she lived quietly, entertaining rarely and inexpensively and several times making ends meet by selling some of her husband's treasured antiques at auction. To her children she transmitted a sense of frugality. Prince Edward, Alexandra's elder brother, was returning from school in Switzerland when his friends asked him to join them in the

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Mother and daughter are remarkably alike. Compare Princess (right) with this 1948 photo of Duchess



RADISSON AND GROSEILLIERS

Those Magnificent Vagabonds

The fabulous partners defied authority, laughed at death and helped father the Hudson's Bay Company. But could anyone trust these soldiers of fortune who prized adventure above gain?

THE WHITE AND THE GOLD PART ELEVEN BY THOMAS B. COSTAIN

Illustrated by

Franklin Arbuckle





They found a treasure of furs in Hudson Bay's wastelands where twenty fishhooks brought five skins.

BEHIND the palisades of a small post in the heart of Iroquois country fifty men of New France awaited certain death. Worse, death by torture, by burning at the stake. News of the massacre would shock the distant communities on the St. Lawrence, but it would scarcely surprise them. When in 1653 a delegation of the Onondaga tribe of the Iroquois had come to Quebec with the proposal that the French show their friendliness and good faith by establishing a colony among the Iroquois, the official view had been that to do so would be to step like flies into the diabolical parlor of the Iroquois spiders.

Yet the Jesuits favored this new proposal. Danger to them was an enticement rather than a deterrent. "The blood of the martyrs," they cried, "is the seed of the Church." In the end, their devout courage had prevailed. Four priests and a party of stout-hearted volunteers set out under the escort of a few soldiers.

At first the community had succeeded; four hundred converts were made. But with the coming of winter the French outpost heard blood-chilling news: a dying Indian, a captive of the Iroquois,

broke it to the priest who comforted his last hours. The white men were to be allowed to live through the winter, but they would be killed when spring came.

In its extremity the community decided on a plan suggested by its youngest member. At 15, Pierre Esprit Radisson had come to New France with his parents from St. Malo. They had lived at Three Rivers and the youth had been captured by a prowling band of Mohawks while hunting in the woods. Adopted by a Mohawk family and most affectionately treated, he had managed to escape. Later he had been among those who volunteered for the journey into the Onondaga country.

All through the winter the French labored secretly to prepare themselves for one of the most unusual escapes in history. Every night parties slipped out into the woods and carried back the limbs of trees. In the loft above the main house, where no prying eye could see, they succeeded in making two large open boats and four elm-bark canoes. March came, and with it the promise of open water. The second half of the stratagem was then put into execution.

The plan was to invite the Indians to a great feast

and stuff them with so much food that they would fall into a coma. These feasts had an almost religious significance for the natives of North America. Such an invitation could not be refused, even though the guests were planning to butcher their hosts immediately after.

It is safe to say that in all Iroquois history there had never been a feast to equal this. All the male population of Onondaga came at the appointed time. Large fires had been set blazing in front of the gate. The guests said "Ho!" the ceremonial greeting, and seated themselves at one of the fires. There they waited.

It was a curious scene: the silent braves squatting cross-legged on the ground with no trace for once of enmity, the young Frenchmen entertaining the guests by singing and dancing and playing on musical instruments. Young Radisson played a guitar and proved himself quite adept.

Then the gate swung open wide and the food was carried out. All the pigs belonging to the colony had been butchered, and this provided a wonderful base for the meal. Corn and a kind of mincemeat were brought in first, followed by kettles full of broiled bustard and chicken and

Continued on page 34



Even when it's raining, summer traffic can only crawl along the Bay's tourist-packed main street.

How North Bay



The Chamber of Commerce never sleeps. It organized this street dance to keep the tourists amused.

Got Rid of Its



Parades (here are the Knights of Columbus) helped the tourist trade become a \$6 million industry.

Inferiority Complex

Until the Quints
came along, the frustrated
Bay was "a good place
to go fishing."
Now it's a prosperous
midway swarming
with tourists, flying
saucers, nudists, jet planes,
would-be millionaires
and the most lip-sticked
women in the country

By **DON DELAPLANTE**

PHOTOS BY WALTER CURTIN

NOT SO long ago North Bay, which now among other distinctions claims to be the place where you are most likely to see a flying saucer, had a well-developed inferiority complex.

The reasons for this civic psychosis weren't readily apparent. Situated on big and splendid Lake Nipissing, 220 miles north of Toronto, it was the oldest large centre in northern Ontario, and the prettiest. In front, the island-studded azure lake faded into a piney postcard horizon at the French River; behind, a high plateau was the advance shield of a range of majestic hills which rolled east to the valley of the upper Ottawa. It chuffed with railway activities; the transcontinental lines of the CPR and the CNR boomed through and it was the base and head office of the Timiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway, now the Ontario Northland Railway. Geography made it the distributing hub of much of northeastern Ontario and a large slice of northwestern Quebec. In short, it was a stable community in a beautiful and strategic location and its people enjoyed a fine standard of living.

But since comparison often jaundices a point of view, North Bay suffered because its yardstick was the spectacular mining area to the north and west—Cobalt, Sudbury, Timmins, Kirkland Lake and Rouyn-Noranda. One by one, as discoveries of silver, nickel, gold and copper were made, the names of these places flared into headlines; their street talk was of millions of dollars, and there was a rush to them from halfway around the globe.



Chief of the Indian reserve just outside the Bay is Ernest Chouchie, an accomplished taxidermist.



Widow of the Bay's founder still lives in her original house. She's Mrs. Jeannie Ferguson.

And at North Bay nothing much changed and nothing much happened. The seasons came and went and so did the trains—though with bigger pay loads. The citizenry began to feel a frustration akin to that of rear-line troops when confronted with the deeds of the infantry. Seeking some succor, the Bay grasped determinedly at the title, Gateway of the North. The poor old Bay, chuckled residents of the mine towns, it's a good place to go fishing.

Today all that is changed—though the pickarel fishing in Lake Nipissing does continue to be among the best anywhere and a fisherman doesn't have to exaggerate after a day at nearby Trout Lake, either.

The stupefying coincidence of having the Dionne Quintuplets born just ten miles away near Callander started a tourist traffic which a hyper-active Chamber of Commerce developed as a "curiosity trade" and then, as the Quints grew up, transferred the emphasis onto an "unparalleled" fishing grounds. Now there's a permanent flow of tourists that increases every year and which has become the Bay's greatest source of income, close to \$6 million annually. With obvious relish, North Bay suddenly shoved its neighbors from the limelight and its own position was not diminished at all when North Bay became a link in the continent's defense chain as a result of construction of a \$15 million RCAF base now near completion.

Most bolstering of all to local egos, a large deposit of columbium, a rare strategic metal, was discovered last year at the spooky Manitou Islands, five miles away. A wild staking rush followed and



Majestic Lake Nipissing affords wonderful fishing and boating for North Bay youngsters. Nipissing pickarel are among the best anywhere on the continent and they're taken by the tens of thousands each year.



Boss of the RCAF's \$15-million air base is an ace from World War II, W/C John Braham, who wears the DSO and two bars, and the DFC and two bars. It's a major training base for jet crews flying CF-100s.

was publicized as far away as Australia. That put the Bay in the mining big leagues and, with one eye cocked northward to see if the mine towns were looking, citizens discarded their cloaks of self-consciousness.

North Bay's red-haired mayor, Merle Dickerson, puts it this way: "It's been painful indeed playing tenth fiddle, but we've come into our own. When our mining developments mature, we'll take over from Sudbury as the largest city in northern Ontario." The mayor, a stocky blue-eyed individualist, arrived in North Bay in 1939 as a traveling salesman with a line of radios and refrigerators which he has parlayed into a real-estate package of sixty apartments and houses.

"But," warned a booster, "if there's war with Russia we have one of the world's leading opportunities of getting blown off the map."

This is thought unlikely by most residents, yet they're aware that their city of 20,000, plus 10,000 more in the immediate suburbs, could be prime target material. That's because an RCAF base begun three years ago on the plateau behind the city houses the chief striking arm of Operation Pine Tree, the joint U. S.-Canadian northern defense system. It's the major base of the Canadian-built CF-100 jet and the training centre for its crews.

North Bay's squadrons are alerted and guided by a string of U. S.-manned radar stations and by numerous units of the automatically controlled, Canadian-designed McGill Fence, now in wide operation. Secret installations, some of which are so obviously located they aren't much of a secret

on the local level, fan into the hinterland north of the city. The swish of aircraft is a constant sound above it; the school kids are so familiar with the whine of engines a lot of them know without looking whether it's a CF-100, a T-33 training plane or a Sabre which has wandered in from another air force base.

People have reported seeing flying saucers frequently since the RCAF came to town. According to the North Bay Daily Nugget, one of Canada's most aggressive and successful small dailies—unique in the fact that it is employee-owned—a total of 16 "official sightings" have occurred since the winter of 1951-52. This inspired the Nugget to state: "There are flying saucers in the sky over North Bay. They have been seen with amazing regularity. It is virtually certain the objects are ships of revolutionary design flown here from outer space, possibly from another planet in the solar system."

This brought from a gentleman named Coral E. Lorenzen, who described himself as national director of the Aerial Phenomena Research Organization, of Sturgeon Bay, Wis., a citation in which he said the Nugget was "the first paper in the world to voice its belief in the interplanetary theory as a solution of the flying saucer enigma."

The Nugget was somewhat nonplussed by this honor. The managing editor, C. M. Fellman, says with a slow grin, "It does not necessarily follow that the Nugget believes there are little men in the machines. In fact, you might say the Nugget definitely does not

Continued on page 40

CLYDE GILMOUR SAYS

I've Survived 10,000 Movies

From Pickford and Fairbanks to Peck and Monroe, movie critic

Gilmour's seen them all. Now he presents his supercolossal

memoirs, starring the gorgeous Barbara La Marr of whom it

was sometimes said, "When she inhaled, boys became men!"



AT A cocktail party not long ago in Vancouver, where I live, a woman engaged me in a conversation familiar to movie critics everywhere. Under her persistent questioning I had told her my age (42), the average number of movies I see in a week (seven to ten) and the most I ever saw in one day (seven, starting at 9 a.m. and finishing well after midnight). I had even figured up for her a reasonable estimate of the number of movies I had sat through, including shorts and documentaries. The answer, somewhat stunning even to me, was 10,000, give or take a sneak preview.

The woman blanched, and almost dropped her drink. "Good heavens!" she said, or words to that effect, "how can you stand it? Ten thousand movies—I'd go completely out of my mind!"

I was able to tell her truthfully that I stand it very well indeed. After more than 35 years of constant attendance at movies I am still an ardent fan. My enthusiasm, instead of lessening, has increased. It is not an uncommon thing for me to see a favorite movie, such as *The Lavender Hill Mob* or *The Bicycle Thief*, two or three times during its downtown first run and later to catch it at least once after it begins circulating in the suburbs.

I have seen a lot of poor pictures and more than a few dreadful ones, but I have also seen a lot of good ones and more than a few that seemed to me quite wonderful. And, bad or good, most of them help my hobby. Some people collect stamps, others collect butterflies or autographs. I collect Gems of Movie Dialogue. I write them down the very instant I hear them, using a tiny flashlight pencil and a black pocket notebook. Thus I've retained an unforgettable moment in *North West Mounted Police*, a Hollywood picture created in 1940 by Cecil B. DeMille and still making money as a reissue. Paulette Goddard, appearing as the traditional fiery halfbreed girl who so often stirs up the menfolk in movies about Canada, remarks to Robert Preston, a Mountie, "I loff you so motch I

eat your heart out, you son-a-ma-gon!"

And the Redcoat, breathing heavily, replies, "Listen, ya little wildcat! You're the only real thing that's ever happened to me! You're the sweetest poison that ever got into a man's blood!"

In 1948 a British studio confected a tidbit called *The White Unicorn* in which occurs a more genteel but equally significant skirmish in the ceaseless battle of the sexes. A sweet young woman (Joan Greenwood) gazes at her ruthless boy friend (Canadian actor Paul Dupuis) and murmurs, "Why did you ask me to tea?"

"Why?" he says, searching for words. "Oh, because . . . I don't know, maybe because . . . because you are you."

"Ah'll be a-comin' back"

Just recently, in the CinemaScope production of *King of the Khyber Rifles*, a half-caste British officer named Capt. Alan King (Tyrone Power) finally kisses the general's daughter (Terry Moore) and dares to address her by her first name.

Her response is as follows: "Oh, if you but knew how I have longed to hear my name from your lips! Hold me in your arms, Alan, and tell me, just once, what we both know to be true."

Long before I started hoarding dialogue gems I saw a western in which the tall wooden-faced hero, his spurs jingling, calmly turns his back on a saloonful of silent enemies. At the door he pauses and addresses the gathering, "Waal, Ah'm a-goin' now. But Ah'll be a-comin' back. An' Ah'll be a-shootin'."

Corny dialogue, the stuff that's unintentionally funny, is by no means the only kind I am fond of preserving. For instance, in *Duck Soup*, a 1933 Hollywood opus starring the Marx Brothers, I can still see Groucho as Rufus T. Firefly, dictator of Fredonia, rallying his troops against the foe. His bawdy eyebrows are leering above a fat cigar, his arms are dangling, his legs halfbent in the copy-righted Groucho stoop.

And I can still hear his chivalrous exhortation, "Remember, men, you are fighting for this woman's honor, which is probably more than *she* ever did."

Then there was a richly comic job performed in a British affair called *Dulcimer Street* by Alastair Sim. He plays a phony spiritualist, at least honest in his self-appraisals. Bald and unctuous, his sanctimonious eyes frequently raised toward heaven; he hesitates briefly in front of his shaving mirror while deciding whether to proceed with his scheme to swindle a rich widow.

"Henry Squales," he asks himself aloud, "have you sunk so low as to do this thing? . . . There can be only one answer: Yes!" And off he goes, serene and purposeful, spiritually prepared for the dirty task at hand.

Movie critics too are generally serene and purposeful as they set off to see their seventh movie of the week. As I've said, a good many have turned out to be a special experience and you never know but what the next one you see might yield the richest reward. In my time there've been several highlights—so many, in fact, that I'd be hard put to pick my all-time best. Alphabetically, however, I can reel off my ten best over the years:

THE BICYCLE THIEF: A tragi-comedy from Italy, directed by Vittorio de Sica. With an early-Chaplinesque blending of laughter and tears it tells of a man who sets forth, with his small son, to recover from a robber the bicycle he desperately needs to keep his family from starving.

BRIEF ENCOUNTER: Director David Lean's sensitive and honest treatment of the Noel Coward story. A British film, and one of the finest, it has to do with an ill-fated romance between a decent suburban matron and an unhappy doctor. The roles are flawlessly played by Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard.

CITY LIGHTS: One of the funniest, saddest and most wonderful works of art in the history of celluloid. Made by Charlie Chaplin in 1931, it

Movies like these have helped Clyde Gilmour survive a long ordeal. For his money, they're the best he's ever seen



City Lights



The Maltese Falcon



Henry V



Brief Encounter



Great Expectations



The Fallen Idol



The Lavender Hill Mob



The Bicycle Thief



High Noon



From Here to Eternity

For more nostalgia and Gilmour's word on current movies turn the page

Continuing I'VE SURVIVED 10,000 MOVIES



narrates the selfless infatuation of a gentle tramp for a blind flower girl who imagines him to be a Prince Charming. Some of Chaplin's later films have been marred by half-baked philosophizing and maudlin self-pity, but this 23-year-old classic remains among the prime glories of the screen.

THE FALLEN IDOL: Carol Reed, who has since been knighted, directed this Graham Greene drama in 1949. It's a compelling tale about a small boy who becomes unwittingly involved in a frightening world of grown-up passions and intrigues.

FROM HERE TO ETERNITY: All about soldiers and their women in a U. S. Army base just before Pearl Harbor—and far better as a movie, in my opinion, than in James Jones' often shrill and depressing novel.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS: Another David Lean opus, a faithful and absorbing re-creation of the Dickens story. A model, I would say, in the difficult craft of transferring literature to film.

HENRY V: Olivier's first venture in screened Shakespeare, and probably the best ever produced in that department. His later Hamlet and Hollywood's excellent 1953 Julius Caesar, however, are also formidable competitors.

HIGH NOON: A superlative western drama which established new frontiers for the Hollywood boss-opera. It's about a corrupt and cowardly town and the one man in it (Gary Cooper, as a middle-aged marshal) who stands firmly against an invading band of killers.

THE LAVENDER HILL MOB: A roguish and sparkling crook comedy from Britain. It has Alec Guinness as a mousy nobody who coolly plans the biggest bank robbery in history, and Stanley Holloway as a flamboyant sculptor who tries to help him.

THE MALTESE FALCON: John Huston's brilliant 1941 transcription of the Dashiell Hammett mystery, and practically perfect as a sample of the modern crime thriller.

Of all the bad movies I have squirmed through, I find that most of the bad old movies have mercifully faded from my consciousness, leaving only the faintest of scar tissue. In alphabetical order, the ten all-time worst are The Babe Ruth Story, Blowing Wild, Bwana Devil, Colt .45, Duel in the Sun, The Fountainhead, My Brother Jonathan, Three for Bedroom C, Unconquered, Winter Meeting.

All, incidentally, are from Hollywood except My Brother Jonathan, a well-stuffed British turkey.

It may astound you to learn that only once has any producer quit beating around the bush, and given a movie the ultimate in straightforward titles: Sex. Equally baffling is the fact that only once has there been a movie called Violence. Yet these two high-voltage nouns represent the commodities which the picture industry has been selling more vigorously than all others.

Sex and violence are still the staple products today, along with laughter in all its sizes from the snicker to the guffaw. Singly or in combination, these basic ingredients can produce trash like Blowing Wild and Bride of the Gorilla, or an adult comedy-drama like All About Eve, a harsh but honest tragedy like A Streetcar Named Desire, or a polished comedy-of-rogues like Britain's Kind Hearts and Coronets or The Captain's Paradise.

Old-time movies had *Continued on page 26*

10,000 Movies Later Gilmour's Still Rating the Current Crop

DIAL M FOR MURDER: After a somewhat long and gabby beginning suspense-maestro Alfred Hitchcock whips up a satisfying blend of tension and civilized humor. The story tells of a smiling rogue's plot to kill his wife for her money. Ray Milland and Grace Kelly are the principals, with John Williams as a suave and subtle sleuth.

FLAME AND THE FLESH: A harmless composer and a smug café singer get themselves frightfully embroiled over a war waif (Lana Turner). It's so corny that it often resembles a deliberate burlesque of Europe's sin-and-suffer sagas. The camerawork, done in Naples, is handsome.

THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES: A reissue of Hollywood's Oscar-winning exhibit of 1946, dealing with the awkward rehabilitation of three ex-GIs. Although its super-happy ending still stretches credulity a bit, it's still a honey of a movie.

HIGHWAY DRAGNET: Six writers share the guilt for this dull and complicated murder mystery. With Richard Conte, Joan Bennett, Wanda Hendrix.

BAD FOR EACH OTHER: Canada's pretty Dianne Foster in the role of a high-minded nurse is one of the few tolerable ingredients in this trite soap-opera. It's about a society physician (Charlton Heston) and his various pangs of conscience.

JOHNNY GUITAR: Joan Crawford's first western in 24 years wasn't worth waiting for. Miss C. and Mercedes McCambridge are rival gun-gals in a lawless community, and Sterling Hayden is a reformed killer who now jess' sashays around a-plunkin' at his tame git-tar.

THE PICKWICK PAPERS: Suspense is practically nil in this British condensation of the Dickens text, but joviality and convincing atmosphere are abundantly represented. James Hayter is a splendid Pickwick and Nigel Patrick a perfect Jingle.

THEM!: The best science-fiction thriller since War of the Worlds. Insects the size of elephants, grisly byproducts of the Atomic Age, threaten to destroy the human race. Brrr!



Broadway success, Dial M for Murder, has Ray Milland plotting Grace Kelly's death.



Lana Turner, her hair back to black, is involved in frightful Flame and the Flesh.



Fredric March and Myrna Loy are still wonderful in Best Years of Our Lives.

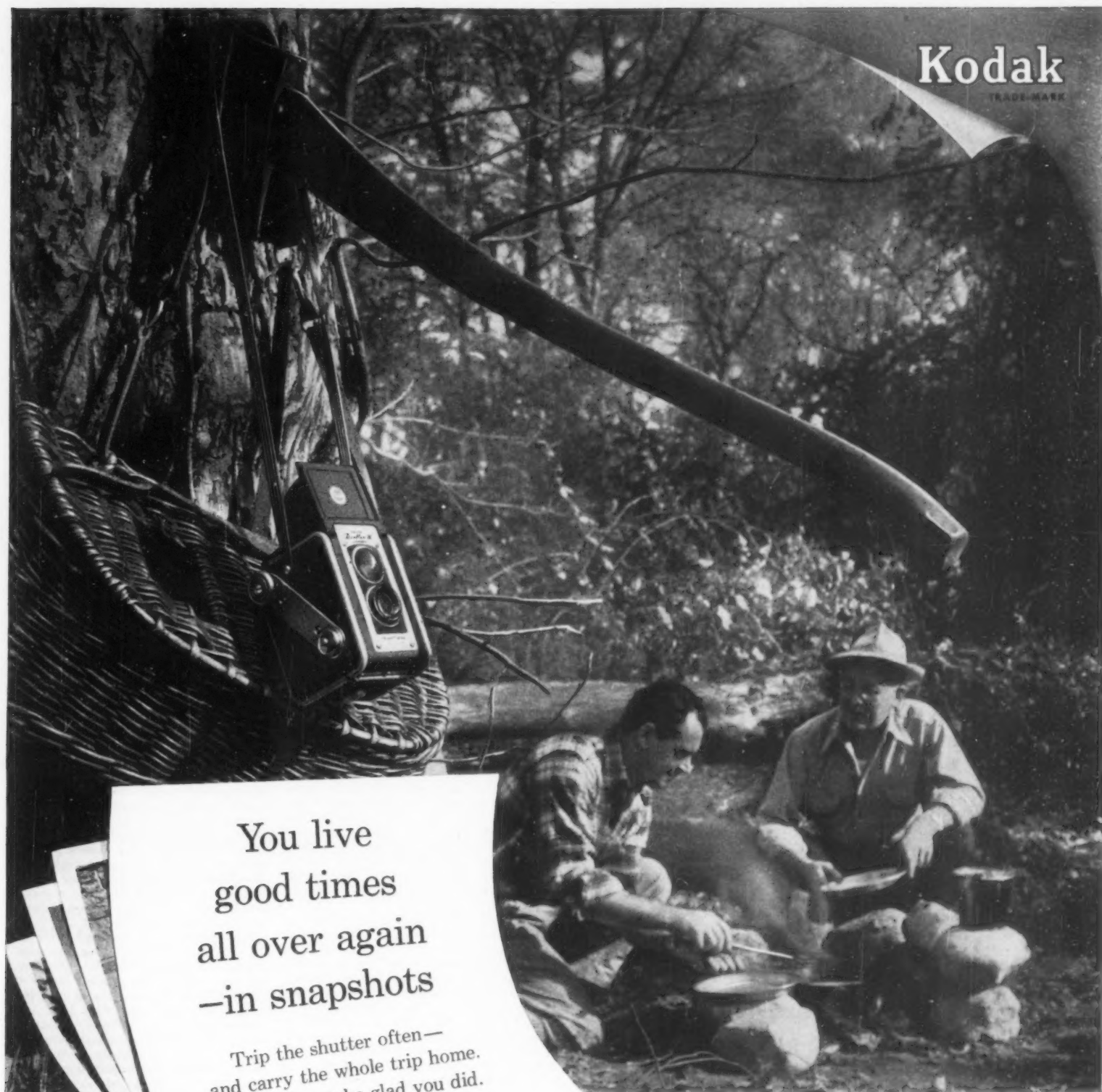
Gilmour's Guide

Bait: Sexy melodrama. Poor.
Beneath the 12-Mile Reef: CinemaScope action drama. Fair.
The Big Heat: Crime drama. Excellent.
Captain's Paradise: Comedy. Excellent.
Carnival Story: Sexy melodrama. Fair.
Charge of the Lancers: War. Fair.
The Command: Cavalry vs. Injuns in CinemaScope. Good.
Diamond Queen: Adventure. Fair.
The Eddie Cantor Story: Musical and biography. Fair.
Elephant Walk: Drama. Fair.
Escape From Fort Bravo: Cavalry vs. Injuns. Good.
Executive Suite: Drama. Excellent.
Front Page Story: Press drama. Fair.
Glenn Miller Story: Musical. Good.
Gypsy Colt: Farm-life drama. Good.

Hell and High Water: Action drama in CinemaScope. Fair.
Hell Below Zero: Adventure. Fair.
Hobson's Choice: Comedy. Excellent.
It Should Happen to You: Manhattan satirical comedy. Excellent.
Jubilee Trail: Western. Poor.
Julius Caesar: Shakespeare. Excellent.
The Kidnappers: Drama. Good.
King of the Khyber Rifles: Drama in CinemaScope. Fair.
Knights of the Round Table: Drama in CinemaScope. Good.
Knock on Wood: Comedy. Excellent.
The Living Desert: Wildlife. Good.
Long, Long Trailer: Comedy. Excellent.
The Long Wait: Mystery. Fair.
Loopole: Crime drama. Good.
The Love Lottery: Comedy. Fair.
The Maggie: British comedy. Good.

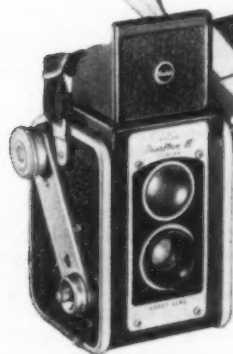
Mogambo: Jungle comedy. Excellent.
The Naked Jungle: Adventure. Fair.
New Faces: CinemaScope revue. Good.
Night People: Espionage drama in CinemaScope. Excellent.
Prince Valiant: Adventure. Fair.
Red Garters: Western comedy. Fair.
Reluctant Casanova: Comedy. Fair.
Rhapsody: Drama plus music. Fair.
Riot in Cell Block 11: Prison drama. Excellent.
River of No Return: Western. Fair.
Rob Roy: Adventure. Fair.
Rose Marie: Musical. Fair.
The Stratford Adventure: Documentary on Shakespeare Festival. Excellent.
Taza, Son of Cochise: Western. Fair.
Tennessee Champ: Ring comedy. Good.
3 Young Texans: Western. Fair.
Top Banana: Burlesque comedy. Good.

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Continued from page 24

these basic ingredients, and I can remember my share of them. My father, a railwayman who wrote and directed amateur plays, always loved a good movie, and my mother still keeps in touch with the special ones. They began taking me to movies when I was about four and two years later, by 1918, I'd become a regular.

Not too amazingly, most of the old silent flickers look archaic and ludicrous today. Griffith's history-making *Birth of a Nation*, I now find impossible to sit through, with its semaphoric overacting and its sympathetic treatment of the Ku Klux Klan; yet the picture was a milestone in 1915. (I don't mean I tried to evaluate it as a lad of three. But I well recall that it already had amassed an ultra-colossal renown when I first saw it in 1919.)

The uniquely gifted Chaplin was becoming a comic giant in the land.

Mack Sennett's *Keystone Cops*, with their demoniac energy and pie-throwing Olympiads, were among my boyhood favorites. So were the Saturday-afternoon serials (admission price was a nickel) in which Ruth Roland, Pearl White and Hoot Gibson found themselves in ghastly predicaments once a week and got out of them just as regularly. Sex was merchandised in the early 1920s by Theda Bara and other temptresses, all of whom seem wonderfully absurd when glimpsed today in nostalgic revivals. The gorgeous Barbara La Marr, perhaps, was a glowing exception. Of her, humorist Al Capp declared fervidly, "When she inhaled, boys became men!"

I can still remember Harold Lloyd clinging wild-eyed to the hands of a skyscraper clock in *Safety Last* (1923). The dashing Wallace Reid was among my idols, and so were Art Acord and Thomas Meighan and Harry Langdon and comedienne Dorothy Dalton and that unforgotten king of celluloid swashbucklers, Douglas Fairbanks the First. But I was no fan of the oily Rudolph Valentino, archetype of the sleeky Latin lovers who have been largely replaced in recent years by muscle boys with crewcuts. And heretical though it may be for any corn-fed Canadian boy to make such a confession, I'm afraid I never cared much for Mary Pickford, who early mastered the knack of boring me to pieces.

A girl with bobbed hair and a tight red dress used to crouch over a wheezy piano in the Dreamland Theatre and play mood music while Richard Barthelmess or Ramon Novarro crushed some fluttering damsel to his bosom. But *The Thief of Bagdad* (1924) and a few other super-dupers, sparing no expense, had special scores composed for them and sent out touring orchestras—all very posh and cultured.

The first talkies in 1928 and '29 were incredibly bad, like the early 3-D tripe such as *Bwana Devil* which so effectively strangled the "depthies" a quarter-century later. The electronic sorcery of sound itself, however, turned many a turkey into a *Bird of Paradise*. Al Jolson sang *Sonny Boy* and *There's a Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder*, and it took me several years to get him out of my system. A different sort of vocalist named Lawrence Tibbett mingled arias and ballads in *The Rogue Song* and half a dozen successors, and helped fan the fires of my growing interest in better music. And who can forget the annual torrent of corny backstage musicals? All-talkie, all-singie, all-girlie, all-terrible . . . and some of them made millions for their owners.

Gangster pictures like *Little Caesar* and *Public Enemy* starred Edward G. Robinson and James Cagney in 1930-31 as sneering hoodlums who died like

mad dogs under a hail of avenging bullets. I saw them both again just a few months ago and they are merely curios now, collectors' items for sardonic connoisseurs.

The best of the Mae West, W. C. Fields and Marx Brothers farces have retained an astonishing amount of their original gusto and virility.

Biographical epics were all the rage for several years. Paul Muni, George Arliss, Don Ameche and Mickey Rooney were among the well-assorted portrayals of historical bigwigs. The best of these pictures were quite decently done, but most of them suffered from a sort of Nice Nelly reluctance to face the well-known fact that their subjects had been, after all, human beings with mortal flaws and foibles. The recent *Joe Louis Story*, with a boxer instead of a scientist or composer as its real-life hero, strikes me as being one of the most honest biographies ever brought to the screen. Hollywood, however, gave it scant publicity because its excellent cast contained no big-name star for ballyhoo purposes.

The most profitable movie ever made, it now appears definite, was 1939's *Gone With the Wind*. It has been reissued four times, including the current successful revival on wide-screen, and its total ticket sales have exceeded \$40 millions. It's still good, with Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable at the top of their careers as Scarlett O'Hara and Rhett Butler, but four hours or thereabouts is an awfully long time to sit watching any movie.

As to the future of the movies, I'm an optimist. I believe movies and television, along with special-events TV in the theatres, will mutually survive the present era of bitter competition and flourish as universal popular entertainments.

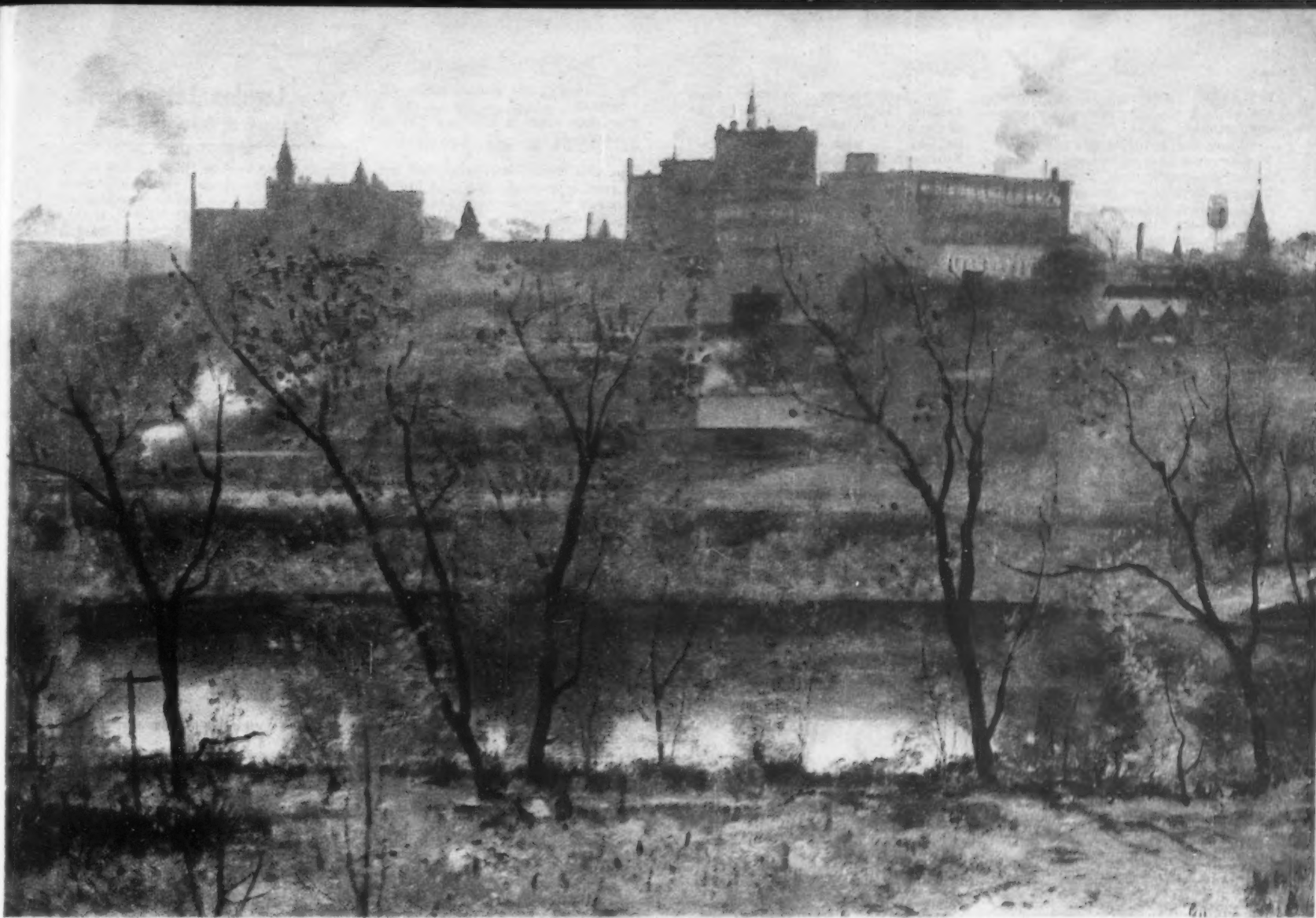
They Beat an Idea to Death

At least one dismaying omen, though, beclouds the sunny view. "Because *The Glenn Miller Story* broke box-office records right and left," said a recent *United Press* story out of Hollywood, "a rash of musical biographies is about to hit the screen." A week or two earlier, a leading show-business journal reported that the immense success of *The Robe* had inspired another Hollywood cycle of lavish Biblical or quasi-Biblical epics, all in wide-screen Technicolor with earsplitting sound.

That prospect is anything but cheerful, although *The Robe* has its solid merits and Glenn Miller is a pleasant musical. One of the gravest faults of the movie makers since the days of the nickelodeon has been their lazy and cynical policy of endlessly repeating sure things. Restless experimentation, with an eye to the future, is the lifeblood of any mass-production industry. The manufacturers of automobiles learned this lesson while Henry Ford was still a young man, but it has been too often disregarded by the people who control the movies. They keep killing off every goose that starts laying golden eggs, killing it off through overwork and sheer boredom. Before it dies, the goose protestingly lays the biggest egg of all, an egg without any gold in it whatsoever.

In the meantime, and in spite of these melancholy misgivings, I still like going to the movies. And I still chortle, like a happy miser, over my mounting cache of dialogue gems.

One of the best came during *Hell's Angels*, the 1930 aviation picture. The late Jean Harlow is seen enticing a shy young officer (Ben Lyon) up to her apartment. She is wearing a slinky gown with a low neckline but the moment he reaches the chesterfield she toys girlishly with the back of her



Sherbrooke, painted for the Seagram Collection by Robert W. Pilot, P.R.C.A.

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QUEBEC... LONDON... WINNIPEG... REGINA... EDMONTON... VANCOUVER... VICTORIA... CALGARY... SASKATOON... WINDSOR... HAMILTON... KINGSTON... HULL.



ROBERT W. PILOT, P.R.C.A.

Stepson and pupil of the great Canadian artist Maurice Cullen, he studied also in Paris. He has painted in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, Quebec and the Rockies, and has also executed numerous murals and decorative works and some illustration. President Royal Canadian Academy 1953.

hair-do and murmurs, "Will you excuse me while I slip into something more comfortable?"

(When Hell's Angels was reissued in Vancouver a year or two ago, a fellow in the balcony shouted, "Listen, lady—how comfortable can you get?")

In Green Dolphin Street (1947) someone asks Lana Turner if she is in love with the leading ne'er-do-well in the community.

"No," says Miss Turner, with hooded gaze. "I'm not in love with him. But I could be . . . with the man he could be."

An early postwar picture from Britain, The Tawny Pipit, gave me one of the most cherished items in my collection. A pair of extremely rare European field birds begin nesting on a piece of wasteland outside an English village in wartime. Instantly the protection of these tiny visitors takes precedence over mere military problems. As part of the festivities the lady poet of the district writes an anthem dedicated to the pipits, and runs over the words with the vicar for his approval. The final couplet reads as follows:

It's a very great honor, we're all agreed,
That they came to Lipsbury Lea to breed.

The vicar nods his blessing, but the lady poet is worried. She asks him if he doesn't think the word "breed" is "a little strong."

Averting his eyes, the good man blurts, "Well, that's what they're doing, whether we like it or not."

And the lady poet, her doubts at rest, tells him cozily, "I always think it's all right, as long as it's just eggs." ★

London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

the slogging Scottish Elliot looked as if he would be a perpetual junior minister.

Yet he had been hailed as a future prime minister. Alas! He got no further than minister of agriculture. By that time I had entered parliament and was not greatly impressed by Elliot's performance although I liked him very much. He was too courteous, too logical, too humorous, too analytical and too lacking in sex appeal—or whatever its political equivalent might be.

He held various ministerial posts including parliamentary secretary to the treasury and under-secretary for his native Scotland but ultimately he was sent to the suicide post of minister of agriculture. I gave him my congratulations at the time but had I been more experienced I would have known that in a country like England, where the farmer is always sacrificed to the industrialist, the minister of agriculture is doomed before he starts. The wonder is that there are always men ready to take on the task.

In World War II Elliot ceased to hold office and joined the War Office as a general in charge of a new-fangled thing called public relations. Quite frankly he was not very good. In fact he was terrible. What he did not know about the weird art of public relations would have filled many columns in the press. When the Hitler war ended in 1945 Walter had become one of a dozen former future prime ministers. He was out for good, never to return as a minister to the front bench.

Now let us come down to today. Walter Elliot, now 66, sits on a gangway seat as a private member. He could have had a knighthood, a baronetcy or a peerage merely for the asking. But he has instead a CH—Companion of Honor—which is only given to the very few who achieve great distinction in the realm of the arts, philosophy or politics.

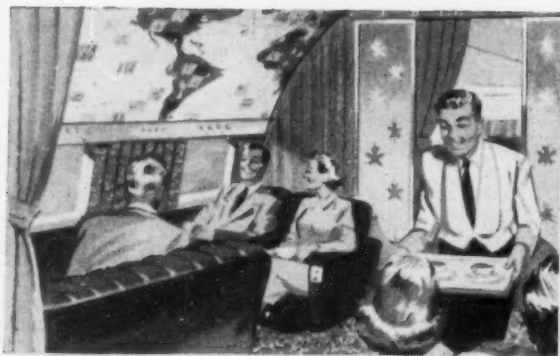
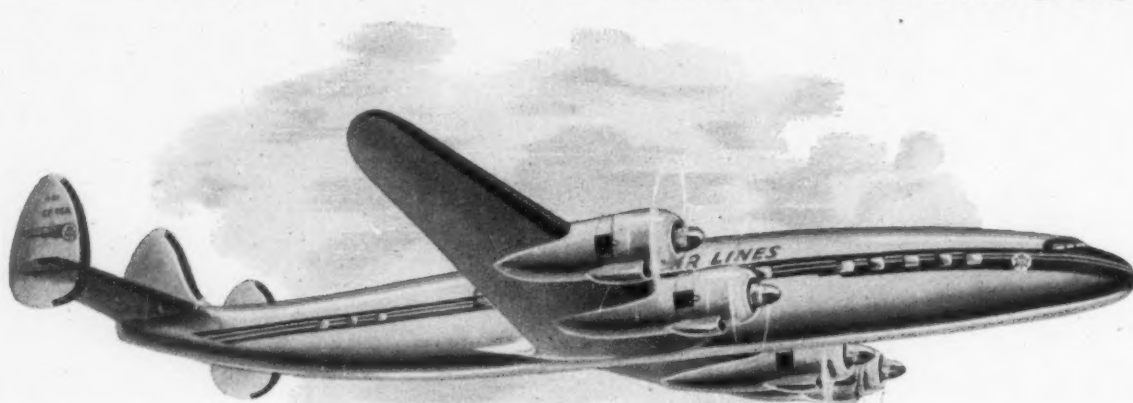
There is, perhaps, no other institution in the world so critical, so physis, so quarrelsome and so fair as the British House of Commons. A nudist can no more hide his warts from his fellow nudists than a British MP can hide his real self from his fellow members. They take their time in assessing each other. They allow for mistakes of temperament, they allow for failure, and they even excuse bores who are sincere.

Then suddenly the House decides what you are and it is seldom wrong. Thus when Churchill formed his government in 1951 and left Elliot out, the House watched him take his seat on the gangway among the rank and file of MPs and suddenly it realized that this ministerial castoff was a great man whose presence in the chamber added dignity to us all.

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fined to any one ministerial task. Here was a visionary with a delightful humor, a scholar without pedantry, an historian who refused to be submerged in the past because he realized that each day makes history as it passes down the winding stream of time.

Nor was his mind fixed merely on politics and history. He was a connoisseur of the arts and I cannot think how often we have dined together in the Commons when the menu was Voltaire, Shaw, Shakespeare and even Burns. To emphasize a point he would often quote long passages from Hamlet or Coriolanus in a rich Scottish burr which was as incongruous as it was fascinating.

Therefore we shall now return to the terrace. I sat down beside him and in a few minutes we were in deep discussion as to whether there would be another war and, if so, what it would be like.

"Certainly there will be wars and wars," said Elliot benevolently. "You must remember, my dear fellow, that men delight in war. It uproots them from their daily tasks, it takes them to new scenes and other countries, it provides uncertainty and danger instead of routine. It also creates a monastic life in which women play a part only when the warrior is on leave. Where were you on Armistice Day in 1918?"

Men Crave Adventure

I told him that I was with the Canadians at Seaford Camp.

"Ah!" said Elliot. "Then you would have heard all the ships in New Haven Harbor blowing their sirens at 11 o'clock. Now tell me; is it not true that it gave you a curious empty feeling? It did to me. The unknown terrors of peace confronted us after years of simple out-of-door life in the war."

"The problem of peace is how to give men the adventure they crave without landing them in prison or the divorce court. Women understand this instinctively but try to convince themselves that it isn't true. Now take Scotland; for a great number of years the Scots in the glens used to make raids and cut each other up. There were fierce small battles and everybody was happy. There were clan feuds and all that sort of thing, and they got a great kick out of it. Then the strong arm of authority stepped in and made it a penal offense to cut up your neighbor. And that was the beginning of the tragic emigration from Scotland."

"The problem, of course, is how to supply the element of danger to normal life. Everybody who can afford it should ride a horse as often as possible. The horse is the stupidest of all animals and among the most dangerous. It will shiv at a shadow when any idiot would know that there was nothing to shy about."

"Of course, young fellows can play rugby which gives them a chance to break their necks, and there is always Switzerland where you can break your legs on skis. These are commendable pursuits although they cannot equal the lure of war."

My old friend paused. As if the debating chamber had waited for this moment the division bells rang, the police bellowed "DIVI—SHUN," as if determined to make the Thames tremble.

"Let us do our duty," said Elliot, the ex-soldier, with the MC and bar, the ex-minister, the ex-rector of Aberdeen University and Glasgow University, Freeman of the City of Edinburgh and Companion of Honor. Whatever you may think of his philosophy I hope you will agree with me that he deserves one more title—"the Good Companion." ★

A New Way to Bring Up a Princess

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

dining car. He refused: "It's too expensive for me."

Alexandra herself ran about the house at will, bringing playmates home from the village school and wearing dresses made by the local dressmaker. But there were some concessions to her station in life. Until she was five all

her dresses were white. Her toys were invariably expensive and beautiful—for the Duchess felt that by surrounding her daughter with good things she could teach her good taste.

Alexandra was a boisterous girl who enjoyed boisterous pastimes, blacking her face with her mother's paints to play commandos with her brother, throwing candies in the air and catching them in her mouth, sprinkling her pet calf with her mother's perfume just before a competition. At 12 she was packed off to Heathfield, a rigorous boarding school on the Eton level, with

the firm admonition: "No privileges."

Here the young princess made her own bed, cleaned her own room, kept a garden plot, and on occasion scrubbed the floor. Her classmates called her simply Alex, a name she disliked (she prefers Sandra) and dubbed her "the prankster of the fifth form" because she liked water-pistol fights.

She spent her holidays at home or at the homes of schoolmates. Once a year the family, her mother and two brothers, Edward and Michael, went to the seaside where they stayed at inexpensive hotels. The Princess



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signed her name simply Alexandra Kent. There's a story that she once naively asked the hotel clerk to tell her how much postage she needed to mail a letter to her Uncle Bertie (the King) at Balmoral Castle.

Excepting her mother, Alexandra has traveled as a private citizen more than any other member of the Royal Family. She has been to the Riviera, visited her grandmother in Athens and her aunt in Bavaria. And she received her final training in Paris.

The Parisian interlude caused some raised eyebrows in England. "Most of us would prefer our princess to remain British," sniffed one newspaper editorial. "France adores the British Royal Family but we don't understand why the Count of Paris was chosen as Alexandra's host," said a British government official in France. He pointed out that royalists were gloating because the English princess' visit was a boost to the Count's prestige, providing him with the nationwide publicity he was seeking.

A New Parisian Look

The selection of the politically controversial Pretender as host for her daughter is an example of the Duchess of Kent's independence and determination. She has often been criticized but rarely swayed by it. Before her wedding she was criticized for not buying her trousseau in England, thereby giving a much-needed boost to British dress designers. "After my marriage I shall buy my clothes in England," she said decisively. "Right now I am going to buy them in Paris from Captain Molyneux." In this she was upheld by Queen Mary, who was impressed by the elegance and chic of the younger woman. The Duchess wears a head scarf with more dash

than most women wear a fifty-dollar hat from the Place Vendome.

Alexandra hasn't yet acquired this talent but she is learning fast. When she arrived in Paris last October she was dressed in the self-effacing costume of the English schoolgirl—flat-heeled brown Oxfords, a loose-cut tweed suit with pleated skirt and a pudding-basin hat pulled down over her demure curls.

When she came back to London at Easter she looked distinctively Parisian. She wore a sleek head-hugging hat over her new feather cut, a tight black skirt, a smart black topcoat and a cashmere sweater with the latest in turtle necks. Since then her clothes have been faultless, revealing the combined effects of Paris and mother, with a minimum of the girlish bad judgment that characterized Princess Margaret's wardrobe when she was the same age.

It was to perfect her conversational French that Alexandra lived with the Count of Paris and his family. (She had spoken the language since she was a child and took extra tuition during her summer vacations.) The Count, who was allowed to return to France three years ago provided he make no move to re-establish the monarchy, has eleven children. "I didn't know one family could have so many!" Alexandra said to a friend after the first hectic week. She shared a white caretaker's cottage behind the Count's rather ugly Anglo-Norman villa in suburban Louveciennes with his five younger children, who range in age from seven to 15. None of them speaks English.

The Count's family produced just the right mixture of democracy and aristocracy to suit the decisive Duchess. He is a direct descendant of King Louis Philippe, King of France from 1830 to 1848 and his family tree bristles with Hapsburgs, Hanovers, Battenbergs,

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Orleans-Parma, and assorted Braganzas. His wife, Countess Elizabeth, is a Portuguese princess whose father was the last emperor of Brazil. His children are well aware of their heritage. "The history of my name is the history of France," says 19-year-old Henri, who still calls himself Dauphin. But they all plan to earn their own living. Henri is a scientist. His sister Isabelle, twenty, is a nurse. The others are students.

Alexandra soon adjusted to this stimulating atmosphere. On Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays she and Princess Hélène, the Count's second daughter, attended Mlle Anita's finishing school. "What is a princess to me?" said Mlle with a shrug when questioned about Alexandra. "I have five. They are here to learn and if they are not good—out they go!" The girls arrived promptly at 9 a.m. and got a good scolding if they were late. If they wore make-up, which Alexandra loves, Mlle Anita told them to "wipe it off—it's not ladylike."

In the afternoons Alexandra usually went with her classmates to museums



and art galleries. These conducted tours—and she faces thousands in her future life—bored her and she often slipped away with another rebellious student, her cousin Princess Elizabeth of Yugoslavia, to go window-shopping.

On nonschool days Alexandra took instruction in literature, philosophy and ethics from the Count, who is putting two of his sons and a daughter through a post-graduate course of study. Every morning the entire family gathered for a strenuous period of gymnastics—again led by the indefatigable Count. In addition there were household dramatics, musicales and even a family newspaper called *We Eleven*.

One morning a week the Princess studied music appreciation and interpretation given by a former student of the great French composer Maurice Ravel. Alexandra is fond of music and her tastes run from Beethoven to Fats Waller whom she imitates on the piano. Like most girls her age, she is jazz-crazy and used to spend hours in Paris listening to recordings by Sidney Bechet, the long-hair jazz artist—recordings which she couldn't afford to buy.

Unlike other British debutantes Alexandra made no formal debut. She simply began appearing at the balls, house parties and coming-out dances that crowd the social calendar of an English summer. She is engrossed at finding her social feet and everything and everyone is either "smashing" or "fascinating," including the boys she dismissed as "soppy" only a year or so ago. But holding hands in the moonlight is out for Princess Alexandra. Wherever she goes she is chaperoned either by her mother or her newly appointed lady-in-waiting, 25-year-old Lady Moyra Hamilton,

daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn.

This entry into society is facilitated by the Duchess' new elegantly reconstructed apartment in Kensington Palace. This change in the family circumstances of the Kents is the result of two events: first, an amendment last year to the Civil List giving the Queen a special allowance for members of the family in difficult circumstances, and second, Queen Mary's will which is believed to have contained a special and handsome bequest for the Duchess, thus fulfilling a promise she once made that Alexandra would never suffer from lack of money.

In her new home, so different from the shabby cluttered office in St. James's Palace where she formerly conducted official business, the Duchess will find it easier to participate in court life and entertain her small but glittering circle of artistic friends: Cecil Beaton, Greta Garbo, Douglas Fairbanks, Sir Malcolm Sargent, Noel Coward, Sir Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh. These people interest Princess Margaret more than they do Alexandra, perhaps because Alexandra has been used to them all her life.

She is far more fascinated by a more prosaic profession. When she returned from Paris she announced she wanted to be a nurse. This was the result of listening wide-eyed to Princess Isabelle's accounts of district nursing among the poor of Paris—scrubbing and shopping for poor mothers and helping to deliver babies.

But it is doubtful if this laudable ambition is within the reach of a royal princess even in 1954. Her mother, when she was the exiled Princess Marina, once wanted to be an artist and open a studio in Paris, but this was denied her. Her father, an accomplished amateur, had for years been making a shaky living for his family selling his paintings under the pseudonym of Nicholas le Prince. But in his eyes there was only one career open to his daughter—noble marriage. Undoubtedly the same future awaits Alexandra. The nearest she can expect to get to nursing will be when she opens a new hospital wing, or parades down a white corridor on a tour of inspection.

These tours are already beginning and they form the final phase in the training of a modern princess. In the light of her background it is not surprising that Alexandra approaches the various functions at which she is called on to preside without any trace of self-consciousness. On her first solo public engagement last June she reviewed a rally of the Junior Red Cross in St. James's Palace. One small urchin preferred a forthright cockney greeting to the bow and the "ma'am" he had so carefully rehearsed. "Wotcher!" he said, when Alexandra came by his display. Alexandra grinned. "Wotcher!" she replied.

On a hot day in May when she was visiting the Chelsea flower show an official trotting at her heels asked what she would like to do next. She looked wistfully at a deep lily pond. "Jump in there and have a swim," she said.

Such affairs are swiftly becoming the order of the day for Alexandra. Her initiation into the life of a princess came last year when she accompanied her mother on a tour of the Lancashire cotton mills. In two days she traveled more than two hundred miles, visited five mills, a college art exhibition, a research centre and three town halls packed with civic dignitaries. She attended eighty official presentations, shook 450 hands and ended up quite white with exhaustion. But from her spinning head to her aching feet, she remained every inch a true princess—a modern princess, that is. ★

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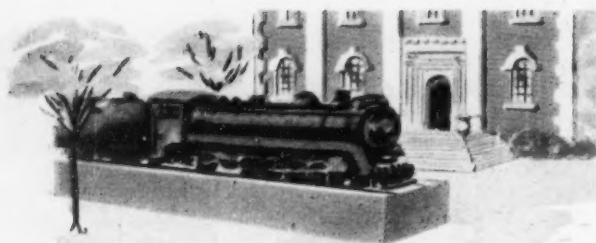


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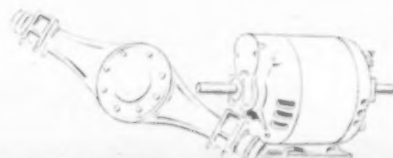
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EXTRA OLD STOCK ALE

The White and the Gold

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

turtle. Next came eels and salmon and carp and a sagamité of thickened flour filled with vegetables. The Indians allowed themselves to be served great spoonfuls of everything. No dish passed them untouched. As young Radisson put it in his diary, "They eat as many wolves, having eyes bigger than bellies."

It was customary for the hosts to abstain from eating, and so, while the feasting went on, the French beat on their drums and blazed away on their instruments and so made it impossible for the gorged warriors to detect certain unusual sounds which came from the rear of the enclosure.

Nature finally took a decisive part. The overstuffed stomachs of the warriors brought sleep to their eyes. One by one they toppled over.

The Historic Meeting

When the fires died down, the sleeping Indians were awakened by the cold. Some of them stirred, sat up and roused the others. Footprints led to the shore of the lake, suggesting to the trained eyes of the Iroquois that they had been made by men in a great hurry. The French had departed, then, by water. But how? They had no boats, the Indians were sure. And the ice was unbroken. There was no way of knowing that the white men in their secretly built craft had broken the ice before them as they made their way out from the shore, and that it had frozen over behind them.

At Three Rivers that resourceful young man, Pierre Radisson went ashore to join his family. Here he met for the first time a man ten years his senior who was destined to become his partner in some of the most unusual exploits in history, one Médard Chouart des Groseilliers. This newcomer had married Radisson's half sister Marguerite, the widow of the Sieur de Grandmesnil. The title Des Groseilliers had become his in the first place as a joke. Chouart had acquired a corner of land at Three Rivers overrun with brambles and gooseberry bushes. Hence the name which, bestowed in jest, be-

came accepted seriously in later years.

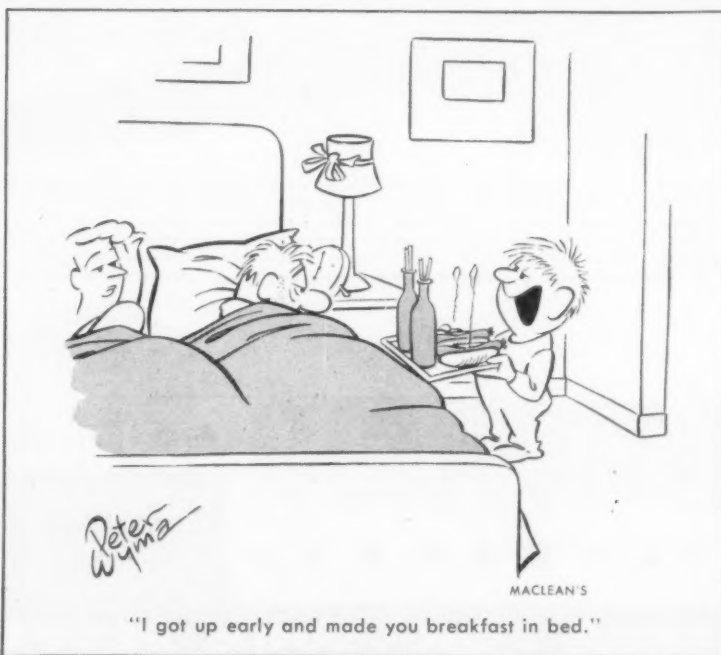
Médard Chouart was born on July 31, 1618, at Charly-sur-Marne. Coming to Canada at an early age, he turned up in Huronia as an *engagé* and lived through the bitter days of the war of extermination, returning with the last of the party to leave the island of St. Joseph. Coming to Three Rivers, he married and seemed disposed to settle down.

The two men took one look at each other and realized that there was a kinship between them. A spark passed from eye to eye. They were animated with the desire to leave no horizon unexplored, their feet always having the itch for exploration.

Before long they were off together for the west. An important moment in history, this, Radisson and Groseilliers starting on their first journey together. What matter that officials had frowned over the fact that a pair of young fellows had taken to the woods without permits? Two of the greatest and least appreciated men in Canadian annals were beginning their rocketing career together.

In the early summer of 1660 the arrival of Radisson and Groseilliers with a large cargo of furs had saved temporarily the credit of the colony. They had passed the Long Sault on the way home a few days following the slaughter of Dollard and his brave handful. They had seen the staked bodies of the victims at the water's edge and may, indeed, have been the first to bring the dreadful tidings to Montreal. But they also brought proof that they were incredibly successful fur traders. Elaborate plans were made for another voyage and rumor spread through the town that the objective of the new venture would be Hudson Bay. The two *coureurs de bois* were certain they could lead the way there.

The Sieur d'Avagour was governor at this time, and it was known that he had a willingness to improve his own fortunes, a weakness shared by a number of the governors of New France. He came to Radisson and Groseilliers in great secrecy with a proposal. He would give them official permits for their next excursion if they would give him half of the profits. The answer he received was that they would be glad to have the governor's company if he desired to share in the proceeds. This, at least, is the story that Radisson tells; there were no doubt denials later from



the official camp. There is such a nice fitness about the answer of the voyagers that it is easier to believe the Radisson version than the denials which came from the other side.

Whatever the truth may be, the resourceful pair stole away in the night as they had done before. They left Three Rivers with a cheery message from the guards in the lookout tower, where no doubt there was much grinning and winking in the dark. When a member of the party named Larivière became separated from the rest and was found later in a state of semi-starvation, the governor displayed his pique by clapping him in prison. Whereupon the good people of Three Rivers, who knew enough of the story to have decided sympathies and who seem, moreover, to have been an independent lot, broke open the jail and released him.

The expedition was a great success. The party struck for the hunting grounds north of Lake Superior, where Radisson was prompted by the beauty and richness of this stretch of primeval land to write in his diary: "It grieves me to see that the world could not discover such enticing country to live in . . . The Europeans fight for a rock in the sea against one another or for a sterile land . . . It is true, I confess, that access here is difficult, but nothing is to be gained without labor and pains."

The party returned from this idyllic land in 1663 with a wonderful store of furs and a secret. Some intimation of the secret leaked out at once; it had to do with a new land route to Hudson Bay.

They Worked for Nothing

The governor acted promptly and with a degree of severity which showed that his resentment still ran deep. He ordered them arrested and had the cargo impounded. The upshot was that they were fined almost up to the full value of the fur they had brought back with them. Some of the money was to be employed in building a new fort at Three Rivers, this being intended perhaps as a measure to rob them of the sympathies of their fellow citizens. As a sop to the pair, it was stipulated they could put their respective coats of arms on the gate of the new fort. From the figures available, it seems that the value of the furs ran very high—some place it at 60,000 pounds—and out of this the woodsmen were left no more than 4,000 from which the expenses of the expedition had to be met.

Radisson and Groseilliers were not men to sit down under such treatment. Radisson had been nicknamed Dodcon, which meant Little Devil, when he was a prisoner of the Mohawks, and both he and his partner had shown high-handedness and temper in their dealings. Groseilliers departed at once for France in a state of high dudgeon to appeal their case before the King's ministers. The ministers turned a cold shoulder. It is clear they gave no thought to the possibility that these men, the most spectacularly successful traders the colony had produced, might be capable of bringing continuous revenue into the royal coffers if allowed official co-operation. The stand they took was a grievous error and was to cost France a huge price in war and bloodshed as well as financial losses so enormous that by comparison the amount of the fines seems of no more consequence than the scratch of a bookkeeper's pen.

Groseilliers returned to New France and rejoined his partner. They were now almost devoid of funds, and their position seemed so hopeless that they reached a momentous decision, with considerable reluctance, it is believed. They decided to see if they could secure

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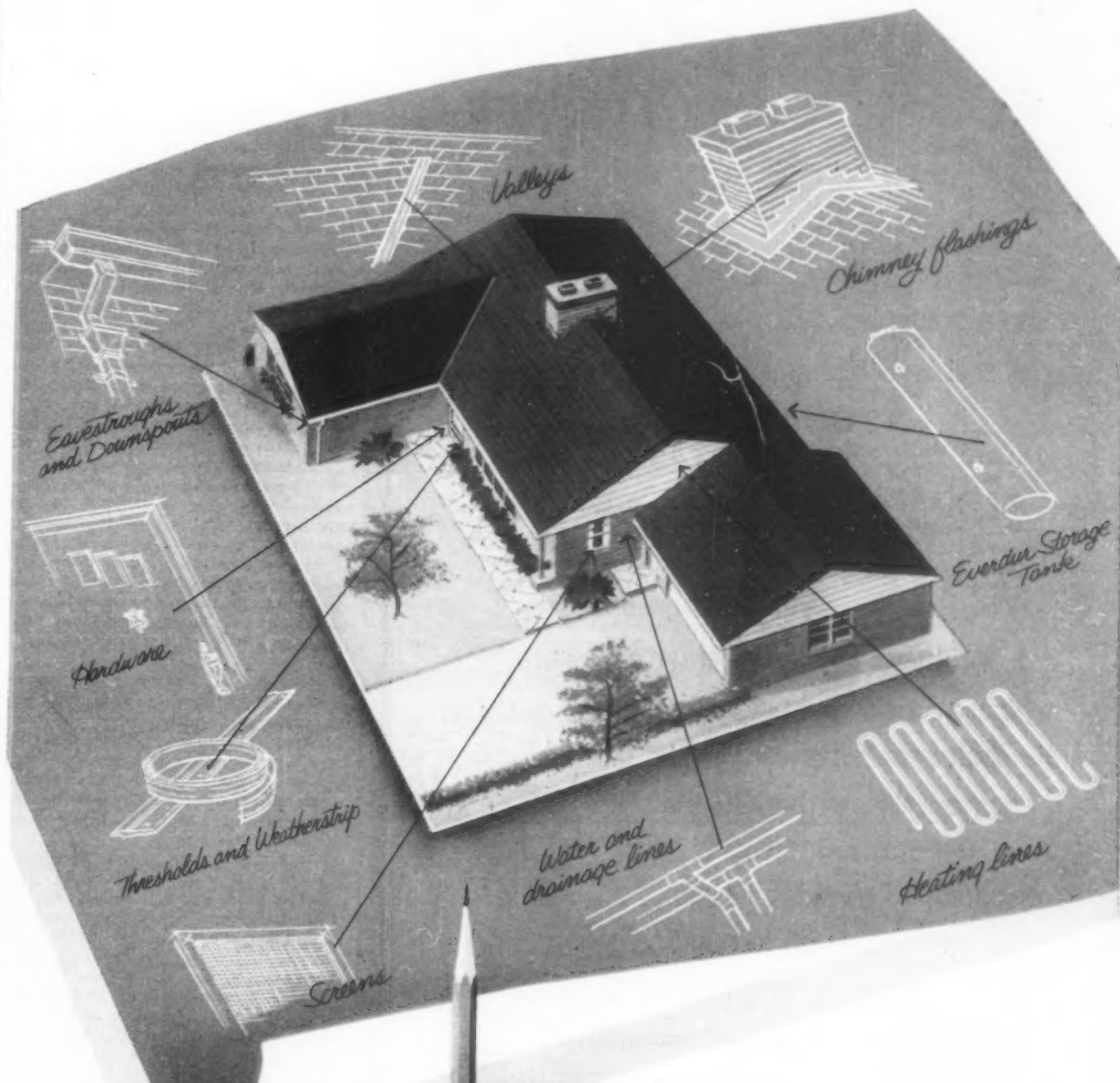
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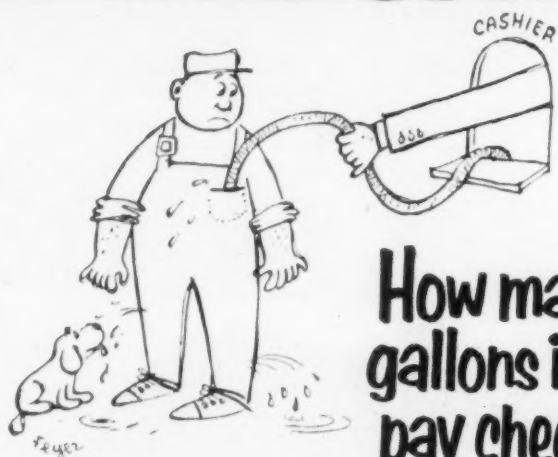
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IN THE NEXT ISSUE • SEE MACLEAN'S SEPT. 1

THE WHITE AND THE GOLD

PART TWELVE

THE HAUGHTY FRONTENAC quarrelled with everyone in New France and was recalled in disgrace. But when the colony was in dire danger it was Frontenac who defended Quebec. He was



The Hero who had no Friends

THOMAS B. COSTAIN SCORES A FRESH TRIUMPH IN HIS DRAMA OF OLD CANADA.

backing in the colonies of New England.

At Port Royal they met a New England sea captain named Zachariah Gillam, who encouraged them to do their trading in future from England's colonial ports. Their reluctance still nagged at them because this meant going to Hudson Bay by sea and abandoning the land route which they had learned from the Indians of the west, the direct and easy way through a long lake now called Winnipeg and then straight to the bay by a river which would be given the name Nelson.

Zachariah Gillam offered to take them in his ship, and together they got as far as the straits which Sir Martin Frobisher, the great Elizabethan navigator, had found in 1577. Gillam, according to Radisson's account, began to complain that his ship was not fitted out for winter sailing and decided to return.

Arriving in Boston, the partners made a deal by which two ships were supplied for another effort to reach Hudson Bay by sea. One of the ships was wrecked and the crews lost heart. They did not reach the bay, and on their return the New England backers of the venture entered suit against the French Canadians.

At this low point in their fortunes—they were now almost destitute—they met an extraordinary man named Sir George Carteret. He had been born and raised on the island of Jersey, and during the English civil war had fought with the greatest zeal on the Royalist side; with so much zeal, in fact, that after the King's banner went down finally he waged a privateering war on English shipping and was proclaimed a pirate. When the restoration of the Stuarts put Charles II on the throne Carteret was made a baronet and granted "a certain island and adjacent islets in perpetual inheritance to be called New Jersey."

In one way and another Sir George Carteret became one of the wealthiest men in the world. He was in the American colonies on business when he met Radisson and Groseilliers. His keen mind jumped at once to the great possibilities of the northern trade. He saw the French Canadians undoubtedly as men of his own kidney. He persuaded them to go to England with him.

They arrived in England after many adventures, including their capture by the Dutch, with whom England was at war, and a period of detention in Spain. It was in 1665 when they arrived, when London was in the throes of the Great Plague. The most acute stage of that terrible visitation had been reached and those who could afford to leave the city had already done so. King Charles

was at Oxford, and Carteret repaired to that city, taking his two new friends from the French colonies with him.

Radisson acted as spokesman and the King listened to him with the closest attention. There can be no doubt that this young adventurer had a way with him. He seems, sensibly enough, to have dwelt on the great profits to be made out of the fur trade in the northern waters, but through the recital ran a golden thread of speculation that out of the bay running ever westward on its way to the east, would be found the Northwest Passage.

The King was sufficiently impressed to order that for the balance of the year, by which time he expected to have definite plans made for the conquest of the north, the sum of forty shillings a week was to be given to the two Frenchmen.

King Charles next ordered his brother, the Duke of York, who would later succeed him on the throne as James II, to loan the Eaglet, of the South Seas fleet, for the purpose of a test exploration. It was a small vessel under the command of a Captain Stannard. A second ship called the Nonsuch was also put into service, under the same Capt. Zachariah Gillam who had tried once before. A start was made for the west on June 3, 1668.

Formation of the HBC

Radisson was in the Eaglet, which was unlucky for him. The ship was disabled early and had to put back to Plymouth. The Nonsuch with Groseilliers on board reached the northern waters and penetrated as far south as James Bay at the southern end of Hudson Bay. Here a small fort was raised and the business of trading with the natives began. On the advice of the Frenchmen, the cargo included all the right articles for barter. Half a pound of beads or five pounds of sugar were given for one beaver skin, twenty fish-hooks for five skins, a gun for twenty. As the result of a year's trading the Nonsuch returned with a cargo valued at 19,000 pounds, which was ample to meet all expenses and leave a margin of profit to be divided among those who had contributed the funds. The result, certainly, was good enough to convince everyone that there was money to be made in the bay.

On May 2, 1670, the famous charter of the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England, Trading into Hudson's Bay was introduced and signed. And thus one of the most profitable and fascinating ventures in the whole history of business the world over was begun.

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of five sheets, written in curiously involved sentences, and giving the Adventurers practically the whole of the north and the waters and seas thereabouts. There were 18 men listed as members, including the Duke of York, Prince Rupert, a cousin of the King, Carteret, Colleton, Sir James Hayes, Sir John Kirke (whose daughter Mary became Mrs. Radisson soon thereafter), an assorted lot of peers, the Duke of Albemarle, the Earl of Craven, Lord Arlington and Lord Ashley, and a number of plain baronets and knights. John Portman, listed as citizen and goldsmith, was made the treasurer.

What of Radisson and Groseilliers? They were not mentioned, although it was understood they were to continue on some kind of dole, and the King himself gave each of them "a gold chain and meddall."

There can be no doubt that Radisson and Groseilliers were an unscrupulous pair, but their side of the much-veiled question which developed is not hard to see. Knowing the value of their services to the English they believed they were entitled to a fair share of the profits. "We were Caesars," wrote Radisson the Irrepressible. But grasping hands in high places were taking the rewards from them.

The French habit of impoverishing them with fines because they were so successful drove them to England and to the formation of the Hudson's Bay Company. The suspicions and the social contempt of the English drove them again to the French service. They shuttled back and forth until the story becomes too complicated to follow in detail. Yes, they were unscrupulous, crafty and glib. Their heads were filled with schemes, and so the men they dealt with had to be wary. But the French officials were as blind as bats, seeing these brave and somewhat mad adventurers as nothing but disobedient servants of the Crown. The English looked down their noses at these "renegades" and refused to give them any share in the company, fobbing them off with small and reluctant doles.

In 1672, while at Hudson Bay, Radisson and Groseilliers, received letters from Colbert, the French King's minister, proposing that they return to the service of France. They returned to London at once to try to get better terms from the directors of the company. Protracted negotiations followed. It becomes clear enough that Radisson and Groseilliers would have remained in the service of the company if satisfactory terms had been offered them. They remained in London throughout the winter of 1673-74, pressing their claims during an interminable series of talks and conferences, the letters from Colbert burning holes in their pockets the while.

The company, however, remained adamant. The best they could do was to promise Radisson one hundred pounds per annum (this apparently was to be a joint fee, for no mention is made separately of Groseilliers) and "if it pleases God to bless the company with good success hereafter that they come to be in a prosperous condition that they will reassume considerations."

Some authorities contend that the company had not been paying divi-

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dends and that this was the reason for the seeming niggardliness of their proposition. Others declare that the profits had been large and that dividends up to one hundred percent had been paid.

Radisson and Groseilliers slipped quietly across the Channel and paid a call on Colbert. He greeted them cordially and made it clear that the severity which had driven them to London in the first place was now regretted, as well it might be, for it had thrown the empire of the north into the hands of France's great rival. He made them an offer: come back into the service of France and receive a salary three times as large as the Hudson's Bay Company was offering. They agreed.

In the year 1680 an important conference was held in New France. Those present were the great figures of the colony, the bold and the farseeing, the wise and the courageous men. Among them were the Sieur de la Salle, about whose exploits much will be told later; Joliet, joint discoverer of the Mississippi; a successful fur trader of Quebec named Aubert de la Chesnaye. Then there was that brave and solid citizen of Montreal, Charles le Moyne, whose sons were destined to play truly glorious roles in the tumultuous years ahead. And, to give point to the gathering, there were Radisson and Groseilliers.

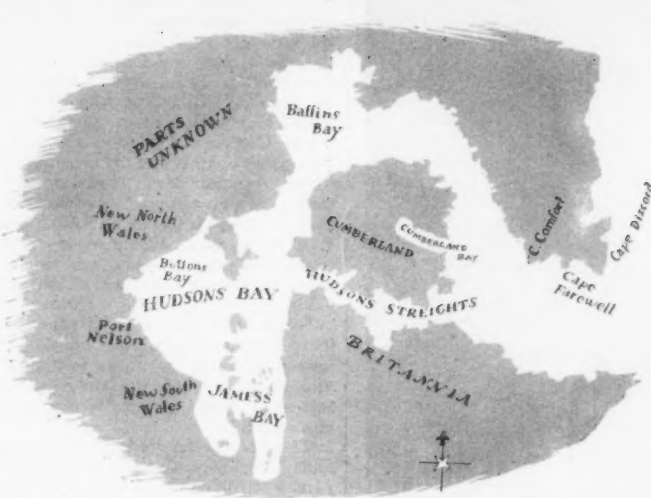
These two stormy petrels of the north had been for some time back in the employment of France. They had not been allowed, however, to return to Hudson Bay. As long as the two countries were at peace a fiction of neutrality had to be maintained and, as the English were in possession there, nothing could be done to disturb them.

The importance of this informal gathering can be judged by the fact that out of it came La Compagnie du Nord, the Company of the North, an organization which represented the will of the French-Canadian people to contest the lordship of the fur country with the Hudson's Bay Company.

The little group got down to business. La Chesnaye, a great promoter, assured them that he could produce the necessary funds and the ships if Radisson and Groseilliers would take the command. Their consent was readily obtained. This was what they wanted to do more than anything else in the world. It was decided, therefore, that Radisson and Groseilliers would go in the spring to Isle Percé, where the fishing fleets congregated, and there they would wait for the twin ships La Chesnaye had promised to fit out and man.

La Chesnaye, it developed, was better at making promises than in the fulfillment of them. The two ships which finally came heaving and pitching into Isle Percé like a pair of veteran porpoises were the smallest and oldest and the crankiest that could have been produced by a search of the offcasts of all nations. They were called the St. Pierre and the Ste. Anne and they could hold no more than thirty men between them, which was perhaps just as well, because the men La Chesnaye had recruited were for the most part raw and inexperienced landlubbers. The rigging was rotten, the holds were unseaworthy, and there was a stench about these derelicts which only long service in the fishing trade could produce. Was it possible for even inspired leaders to accomplish anything under these circumstances? Could Radisson and Groseilliers win back the bay with ships redeemed from naval junk piles and with the culls and misfits who made up the crews?

They decided to try. Radisson took the St. Pierre. Groseilliers, having a



This 1662 map was all that Radisson and Groseilliers had.

grown-up son, Jean Chouart, with him, took the Ste. Anne. After suppressing a mutinous outbreak among the crew, who were finding the service quite different from what they had expected, they finally reached Hudson Bay in September.

Dependence must be placed on Radisson's narrative for the story of what happened after that, and it has to be avowed at the start that there was always a tendency to exaggerate in everything he put down on paper. His story was that the Frenchmen in their little tubs came limping into the waters where the Hayes and the Nelson Rivers raced to the bay. They found there a ship, the Bachelor's Delight, which had come from New England under the command of Ben Gillam, a son of the captain who had figured in the early years of the company. They were poaching, these bold colonials, and the delighted Radisson saw at once that he had a hold over young Ben Gillam which could be used to advantage. By his glib talk he had "come over" young Gillam and won his confidence when a vessel owned by the company, the Prince Rupert, completed the triangle. It sailed into the estuary of the Nelson with two men of some prominence on board, Governor Bridgar of the company and old Zachariah Gillam himself.

A Turner of Coats

The newcomers should have sensed the situation at once because the directors of the company had made plans for just such an emergency as this. On sailing, the captains of company ships were given sealed orders which contained among other things the harbor signals. Ships on the bay which did not hoist the proper signals were to be fired on as poachers and interlopers. Neither Radisson nor Ben Gillam was in a position to fly the right signals—in fact, they did not dare fly any flag at all—and the Prince Rupert should have blown them out of the water.

Radisson took advantage of the opportunity thus presented to him. He built a high fire, which was the Indian way of announcing their presence with furs to trade, and in response the Prince Rupert came in to anchor. Radisson then succeeded in getting the ear of old Zachariah Gillam and acquainted him with the news of his son's involvement. Zachariah was distressed, for he knew that his son could be shot if his identity was discovered. He did not, therefore, let Bridgar know that this bearded stranger was none other than Pierre Esprit Radisson, that well-known turner of coats.

Then nature took a decisive hand. A storm drove the ice from the bay into the estuary, and the Prince Rupert was sunk. Fourteen of the crew, including Capt. Zachariah Gillam, were drowned.

At this point the story that Radisson retails becomes too involved for recapitulation or belief. By devious means, which he makes more ingenious than any pirate ever contrived, he took possession of a fort which Ben Gillam had built on shore and captured the whole New England crew. Not a blow was struck, not a drop of blood spilled. Then he made prisoners of Bridgar and most of his men (this one does justice to Münchhausen himself) and putting all of them on board the Bachelor's Delight, and all the furs which the poachers had secured, he sailed away in triumph.

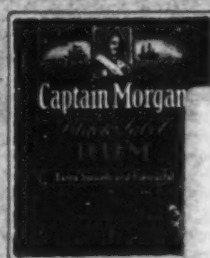
It is almost impossible to believe what Radisson tells of the methods by which he brought about this miracle, but there is no denying the results. The Bachelor's Delight reached Quebec. Bridgar and Ben Gillam were on board in the role of prisoners. There was a valuable cargo in the hold.

This much also is certain. The people of Quebec went wild with enthusiasm when the terror of the north, who had always been a hero in the eyes of most of them, came into the harbor with his loot and his prisoners. But in high circles there was no trace of enthusiasm at all. In the citadel of St. Louis there was at this time a governor named Lefebvre de la Barre, an old soldier who completely lacked the qualifications to deal with situations like this. To Governor la Barre the success of Radisson was a complication which he solved by doing the obvious thing. He fined the victors and ordered that they return at once to France and report to Colbert, who would know how to deal with them. He restored the Bachelor's Delight to Ben Gillam. Bridgar was set at liberty with diplomatic apologies.

La Compagnie du Nord came very close to a premature collapse as a result of this decision on the part of Governor la Barre. When Radisson, impoverished a second time by the fines imposed on him, reached Paris he found that Colbert was dead and that the King was in a state of fury over the whole episode. Louis was angry with La Barre and wrote to him demanding to know why the latter had thus publicly surrendered the French claim to Hudson Bay. He was furious with Radisson because he had been too successful but a little later ordered him to go back to the bay and do what he could to help the English restore order. The English government furiously bombarded Versailles with demands for damages and the punish-



"I brought a treasure back, me lads!"
 The Captain said with a grin.
 "I loaded the hold with Black and Gold . . .
 It's waiting now at the inn."
 He skimmed his hat to the top of the pole
 And said, "Till it comes down
 My colours on high tell every eye
 Captain Morgan's in town!"



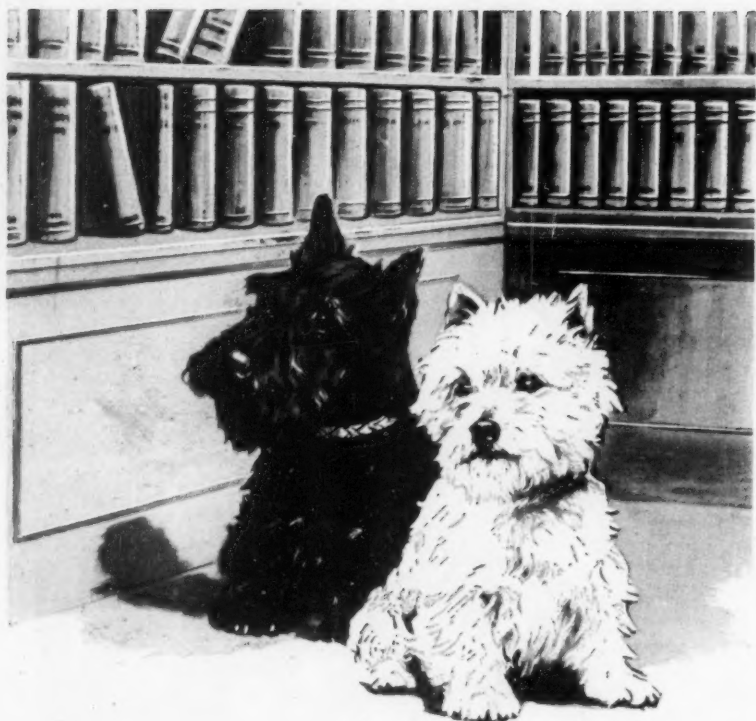
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ment of the men responsible for the losses of the company.

At this point Groseilliers drops out of the story. Some say he retired to Three Rivers and lived out the balance of his days there with his faithful wife and his brood of children. Others believe that he died in the north while Radisson was performing his feats of legerdemain. Whatever the reason, from that point on Radisson traveled alone. It had been a truly remarkable alliance, a David and Jonathan epic of the north woods and waters. Radisson was the showy partner, the dynamic leader. Groseilliers had carried the heaviest share of the burdens.

In the spring of 1684 there was a meeting of the directors of the Hudson's Bay Company at which a most unexpected announcement was made. Pierre Esprit Radisson was back in London and he was back for good. He was no longer willing to trust himself and his fortunes to the mercy of French colonial governors. The directors, willing to forget the past, welcomed the prodigal and made an agreement with him by which he received stock to the value of two hundred pounds, a salary of one hundred pounds in years when dividends were not paid and fifty when they were, and the sum of twenty-five pounds to set himself up again. They were so glad to see the rolling stone on their side that they made a present of seven musquash skins to Sir William Young who had persuaded Radisson to return. They even took the Frenchman to meet the Duke of York, who had succeeded Prince Rupert as governor of the company. As a shareholder he had to take the customary oath of allegiance which began, "I doe sweare to bee true and faithful to ye Comp'y of Adventurers: ye secrets of ye Comp'y I will not disclose . . ."

In the years that followed Radisson seems to have been an active and faithful servant of the company although he was still to wage many battles with the directors over his share of the proceeds and to secure a pension for his wife. He went out to the bay immediately in the Happy Return; and a happy return it was for he brought back twenty thousand pelts. He made many other trips to the wild north country which he loved so much and was a factor, without a doubt, in the successes which now crowned the company efforts. There were years when his dividends on the two hundred pounds of stock he held amounted to one hundred and fifty and there were years when he received, probably as a result of the loss of ships, no more than fifty. He was able to live reasonably well although he had nine children to support. He drew his last quarterly installment in July 1710, when he was in his seventy-sixth year.

His last years could not have been happy ones. In London, his ears were filled with the cries of the streets, and this must have been a poor substitute for the sound of dipping paddles and the swish of water along the sides of a birch-bark canoe. From his windows he saw sooty chimney pots and lowering skies instead of the green line of trees and the flash of the northern lights.

Of all the characters produced by New France, and there were so many of them, he seems the most picturesque. He had in him much of the stuff of greatness. ★



NEXT ISSUE • PART TWELVE

**The Hero
Who Had No Friends**



North Bay

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

believe there are little men in them."

The saucer-sighters invariably saw orange-reddish balls at night and silvery stars by day. Many doubted their own eyesight until the RCAF announced two sightings. WO W. J. Yeo, a telecommunications superintendent with 16 years service, and Sgt. D. V. Crandell, an instrument technician, saw a red ball darting about above the base for eight minutes and 43 seconds Jan. 1, 1952, as they flooded a skating rink on the station. Four months later, WO E. H. Rossell, a man with 13 years service, and Flt. Sgt. Reg McRae saw a similar apparition over the base as they drove in a car toward North Bay. Both incidents were officially reported to RCAF intelligence at Ottawa. Since then the lid has been on any further sightings by personnel.

But flying saucers are chiefly a wintertime preoccupation in North Bay; in summer, citizens are too busy with the tourists to bother with them. Main Street in July is as congested as a county fair with garishly garbed visitors pushing past airmen, railroaders, diamond drillers, lumbermen, Indians from the reserve just west of the city and chic housewives pushing baby buggies.

More Lipstick Per Head

The railroaders are the major working force in the city. They are on their way to the CPR yards near the lake, or the CNR station in the centre of town, or the new Diesel shops completed in the east end by the Ontario Northland. There are four diamond-drilling companies in town. The Indians are heading for the regional office of the Indian Affairs Branch or the regional office of the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests, or maybe they are just on a good time. The housewives feel they have a national reputation for being chic; a consumer survey reported they buy the most lipstick per capita in Canada.

Tourists number about half a million a year and about forty percent are Americans. They spend about \$5,700,000 annually which is more than the combined payrolls of the three railways. In spite of the fact that the nearest point of entry is 265 miles away at Sault Ste. Marie and Americans have abundant opportunity to exchange their funds before reaching North Bay, more than \$1,600,000 of U. S. money passes through the city's banks each year.

The visitors bed down in 377 resorts, of every description and degree, within a 40-mile radius of the city. They can choose attractive motel rooms on Highway 11 or Highway 17, house-keeping cottages with three-piece bath, overnight cabins or backwoods camps accessible only by boat or bush plane. The clean green land teems with game and many camps open early in the spring for the bear hunt and late in the fall for the deer hunt.

On the northern highway to Timagami and the eastern highway to Timiskaming, deer can often be seen at the roadside. Occasionally a bear or moose wanders into the populated outskirts. Last summer golfers at the North Bay club had a double hazard for a couple of weeks: the course is located near the end of the east-west runway at the air base and jets blasted across at treetop level as players fidgeted with drives and putts; meanwhile, a bear skulked in the bushes, frightening several women into double bogeys.

The district's most bizarre resort is the Sun-Air Freedom Lovers club, a nudist colony on a small pretty lake eight miles east of the city. Here devotees get together in the altogether from all sections of the U. S. and Canada. Peeping Toms haven't much of a look-in for the place is surrounded by steep wooded hills and the only entry is by a bush road the nudists hacked out themselves.

Though baked in the sun, North Bay's nudists are extremely thin-skinned. A telephone line is strung along trees on the bush road to the camp and visitors are supposed to phone into the camp before entering. But the day I visited the place the telephone wasn't working, so I drove right in. The lake glittered between fine white birches. A man with a bald head, wearing brown running shoes, emerged from the bushes and approached my car suspiciously. Behind him were three women. They wore white running shoes, pink running shoes and blue running shoes.

I explained I was a reporter and my guileless countenance apparently melted all suspicion for soon I was receiving a long dissertation on the philosophy of nudism. I was invited to have a swim in the lake and I took one in my birthday suit.

The North Bay nudists, a highly moral group, were shocked when a man who was charged in police court in southern Ontario with having obscene photographs said they were taken at the North Bay camp. Actually, they were routine photos such as nudists seem to delight in taking of each other.

What is probably Canada's most concentrated tourist area extends along the shore of Lake Nipissing just south-east of the city. Here in a five-mile strip are 55 camps which can accommodate 2,700 people. They are filled from June to September. Hub of the area is Sunset Park, haunt of artists and professional wrestlers, who work out on the gleaming sand. Tim Horton, defense star of the Toronto Maple Leafs runs a gas station. Susie Turner, former Balmy Beach footballer, operates a miniature golf course.

In the early boom, after the birth of the Quints, Americans sometimes turned up in July equipped with snowshoes but today they are too well-informed for that. Instead they bring water skis and race along the waterfront behind high-speed boats. Shad flies emerge from the lake by the millions early in June but are gone by the time the season is properly under way.

Lake Nipissing, fifty miles long and twenty wide, its shore shaded by trees, has an excellent beach on its east side. The grade is so gradual that toddlers can safely run at large. Motel operator Orm Churchill has a standing offer of a dollar for every stone that's found as far out as a man can walk. No one has collected.

The lake is considered America's best breeding reservoir for pickerel, known to Americans as walleyes and therefore labeled such in literature of the Chamber of Commerce. Because of the good breeding and feeding conditions the heaviest fishing doesn't seem to deplete the lake.

Since the Quints, now grown young women, left the district the Chamber has turned to the pickerel as the next best attraction. The chamber's membership is one of the largest per capita in Canada, with more than 500 paid-up members. More than 25,000 enquiries are made each year at the chamber's bungalow headquarters where secretary-manager Bruce McLeod and a staff of three dispense information.

"Only a small fraction of newcomers to the district come to our office; most

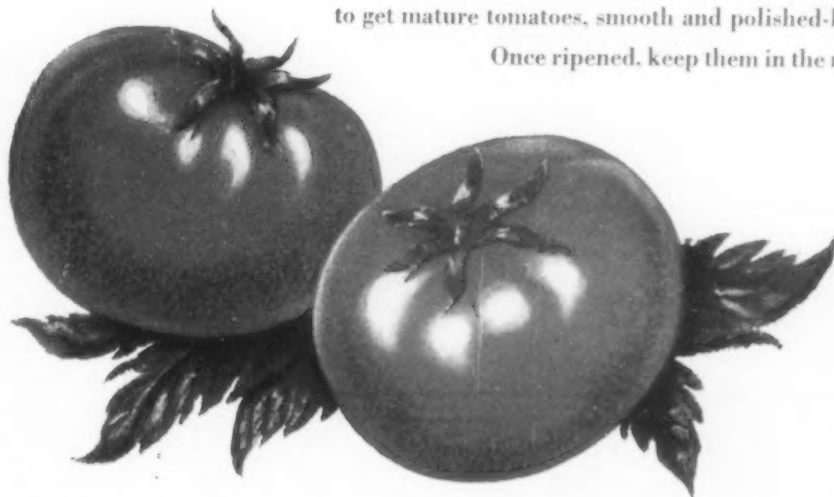


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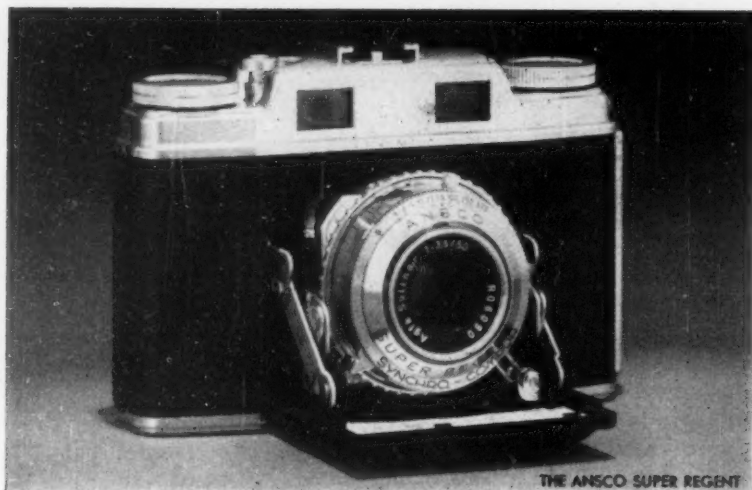


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tourists are now repeaters," says McLeod, a former journalist who sparks the unrelenting campaign to attract visitors. The chamber dispatches 30,000 packages of vacation literature each year. Delegations make regular junkets to sportsmen's shows in the U. S.

Mass fishing, probably unduplicated anywhere, occurs when the pickerel season opens in May. Sometimes 600 boats ranging from leaky punts to landing barges are jammed together in a strip a few hundred yards offshore where the fish come in to spawn in the early spring. On the long public dock jutting from the heart of the city there's a forest of fishing poles. If you don't look out, you'll get hit on the head by a flying fish, as grandfathers, stenographers and schoolboys yank them in. They're taken by the tens of thousands till well into June when the heat disperses them to colder water at the centre of the lake. Every once in a while game wardens nab somebody with 150 or more. The daily limit for pickerel is six, a fact that seems to deter no one except the wardens.

But Nipissing's friendliness is as treacherous as the smile of a poisoner. Scarcely a year passes without several drownings when boats are swamped by the huge seas which rise suddenly before strong winds. It's advisable to stay near shore unless you're equipped with at least a 16-foot boat with a ten hp motor. The lake's major tragedy occurred Nov. 7, 1892, when 27 men drowned as the John B. Fraser, a boat transporting lumberjacks, burned and sank. Every year the waters trap dozens of people overnight on the five Manitou Islands.

Islands Make Them Sick

These curious, densely wooded islands were the scene of the discovery of columbium—mixed with uranium and tantalum—which set the district on its ear. They have long been considered a hoodoo by both white men and Indians and were apparently a single island when Champlain made his initial trip through the district in 1615; his journals report an island with a lake in the centre, which can't be found today. The tribe at the lake was widely known and feared as sorcerers by the Hurons and Ottawas, though Champlain reports that the Hurons bought fish from them. The modern Indian avoids the islands and insists that anyone who stays overnight on them will get sick. There's the fairly implausible possibility that intense radioactivity, as turned up by Geiger counters in the columbium discovery, may in the past have been strong enough to cause illness.

The radioactivity, which led to the discovery, was first noted two years ago by an American tourist who seems to have had a Geiger counter along just for sport. He mentioned it to Martin Vancleave, a veteran prospector who was associated with James Kenney, an ex-Noranda field man who had earlier revived a defunct mica mine east of the city. When rock from the islands was identified as pyrochlore, Kenney recognized it as the host of the "jet-age" metals, columbium and tantalum, hitherto produced in tiny quantities in Africa and Norway and also a minute byproduct of some metallurgical processes in the United States. Diamond drilling showed the metals were present in great quantity, with about 15 times as much columbium as tantalum.

Columbium is a top-priority defense metal which is being avidly stockpiled by the West. In the rock, it is brownish-black. It becomes grey

when treated. Its peculiar merit is an ability to remove brittleness from super-temperature alloys. It is vital in the manufacture of jet engines, for it can make them last twice as long. It's also essential for rockets used in warfare, and has several secret uses in guns. Its civilian uses have never been fully developed because there hasn't been enough of it. Generally, it should be used in all alloys subject to a temperature in excess of 800 Fahrenheit. Its own melting point is a phenomenal 4,370 degrees.

When the news got out more than 4,000 claims were staked in a stampede along the lakeshore, through the city and into the townships behind it. Amateurs staked private homes, the city dump, the big limestone Roman Catholic Pro-Cathedral of the Assumption, cemeteries, summer cottages and the city waterworks. The township of West Ferris, guided by Reeve John L. Shaw, who had co-owned Great Manitou Island till he sold it to the Inspiration Mining and Development Company for a large block of stock, abruptly withdrew sale of public lands. Promoters roamed the countryside, trying to make deals with farmers and settlers.

Newspaper editors and the public didn't know columbium from Swiss cheese and, in fact, thought the uranium, just below commercial grade, was the major ingredient in the discovery. But the bulk of the staking of built-up areas was on private property on which the registered owner already held mineral rights. Invasion of private lands without the consent of the owners was illegal and hence the staking was also void. The confusion was spectacular and resulted in widespread publicity. The stock of Inspiration Mining and Development Company, a local diamond drilling firm which had obtained control of the find by agreeing to drill it, rocketed from 70 cents to \$5.10 within a week.

North Bay had always been a town of stock-market plungers; now a frenzy held the community. The number of accounts at the Draper Dobie brokerage office leaped from 2,200 to 3,000, to establish some kind of a per capita record for speculation. The office didn't have air conditioning and although it was twenty below outside a girl was detailed to keep opening the door to let the cigar and cigarette smoke out. The stock hurtled past on the hazy tape by the bushel as shop girls, clerks, doctors, dentists, school-teachers, railroaders, merchants, mechanics and everybody else with a few hundred dollars watched with feverish eyes.

It dived to \$2.65; some were forced out, others mortgaged homes and cars to keep it. It rushed forward again to \$5.10. Some got out at this point, others held, expecting it would go to \$10 when a much-anticipated engineer's report, fortified by glowing rumors, was made public. But the report said much of the ore was inaccessible because it was too close to the bottom of the lake; it had become clear, too, that a major metallurgical problem faced those who wished to extract it from the pyrochlores. The stock plunged; many lost their shirts; to them the Manitous were indeed a hoodoo.

Since then, additional diamond drilling has revealed an immense and accessible ore body running up to fifteen million tons. The stock moves today between \$2 and \$2.50.

The whole giddy situation was recorded in detail in the Daily Nugget, as is almost everything else in the Bay. The Nugget came into the hands of its staff in 1948, following the death of W. E. Mason, an irascible publisher who also owned the Sudbury Daily

Star and radio station CKSO at Sudbury. Mason, noted for tightfistedness, and a man who made numerous enemies by stick-wielding editorial policies, astonished many people by outlining, shortly before his death, a plan whereby Nugget employees could get the paper for nothing down. Moreover he offered to toss in \$10,000 as working capital till the employees made some money of their own. The plan was carried out by his executors at a purchase price of \$240,000 including the advance of \$10,000. Each employee shared according to length of service and position.

"The stories about the old man's roughness and toughness are an injustice to him. Where will you find somebody else who would do what he did for us?" asks Jack L. Grainger, now president of the Nugget. Grainger, 39, started as a printer's apprentice.

The 55 new owners hoped they could pay off the estate in seven to nine years but under a directorate of editorial executives they did it in five. This year the paper will move into a new building erected at a cost of \$150,000 on Worthington Street. Circulation has jumped from 8,000 to more than 12,000 and advertising linage has increased from four million lines when the employees took over to six million lines a year now.

The Nugget probably covers its area as well as any Canadian newspaper, large or small. To get the news it spends money on a scale comparable with dailies twenty times its size. Many of its stories have a bushland background; it hires more airplanes than all other provincial dailies in Ontario together.

Springboard to The Scotsman

North Bay is a rabid hockey town; its rivalry with Sudbury reaches a near-maniacal pitch when the hometown Trappers engage Sudbury Wolves. The Bay considers itself the underdog and its sweetest triumph occurred two years ago when the Trappers knocked the Wolves out of the Senior OHA playdowns with an overtime goal after a five-game series. However, since then the Wolves have been regularly walloping the Trappers. North Bay will soon have a new stadium, for the taxpayers approved a \$400,000 structure at the last election.

North Bay's radio station CFCH, the first station in northern Ontario, was built by Roy H. Thomson in 1931. It turned out to be the small springboard which launched Thomson's fabulous career in radio promotion and newspaper publishing the latest acquisition of which was The Scotsman in Edinburgh.

The founder of North Bay was an earlier financial genius named John Ferguson who at the age of 21 guaranteed himself millionairehood by a single deed. In 1881 during construction of the CPR between Mattawa and Lake Nipissing he had a job delivering mail on horseback to an advance party working at the lake. He guessed immediately that a divisional point would be established there, hurried to Toronto and for \$150 obtained a settler's title to a huge sector of lakeshore. He was right and today all of North Bay east of Algonquin Boulevard and all the lakeshore-southeast to Sunset Park is on land he acquired.

North Bay got its name when Ferguson wrote the words on a keg of nails he wanted delivered to the northern bay of the lake. He built the district's first residence which is today hidden behind a business block on Main Street. He also acquired most of the site of the town of Callander, which he named after his home in

Scotland. Ferguson died in 1946. His widow, Jeannie, still lives in the big rambling house behind the line of stores. Walking into it is like being time-machined back into another era. It is furnished beautifully in the mode of the 1880s and is perfectly maintained.

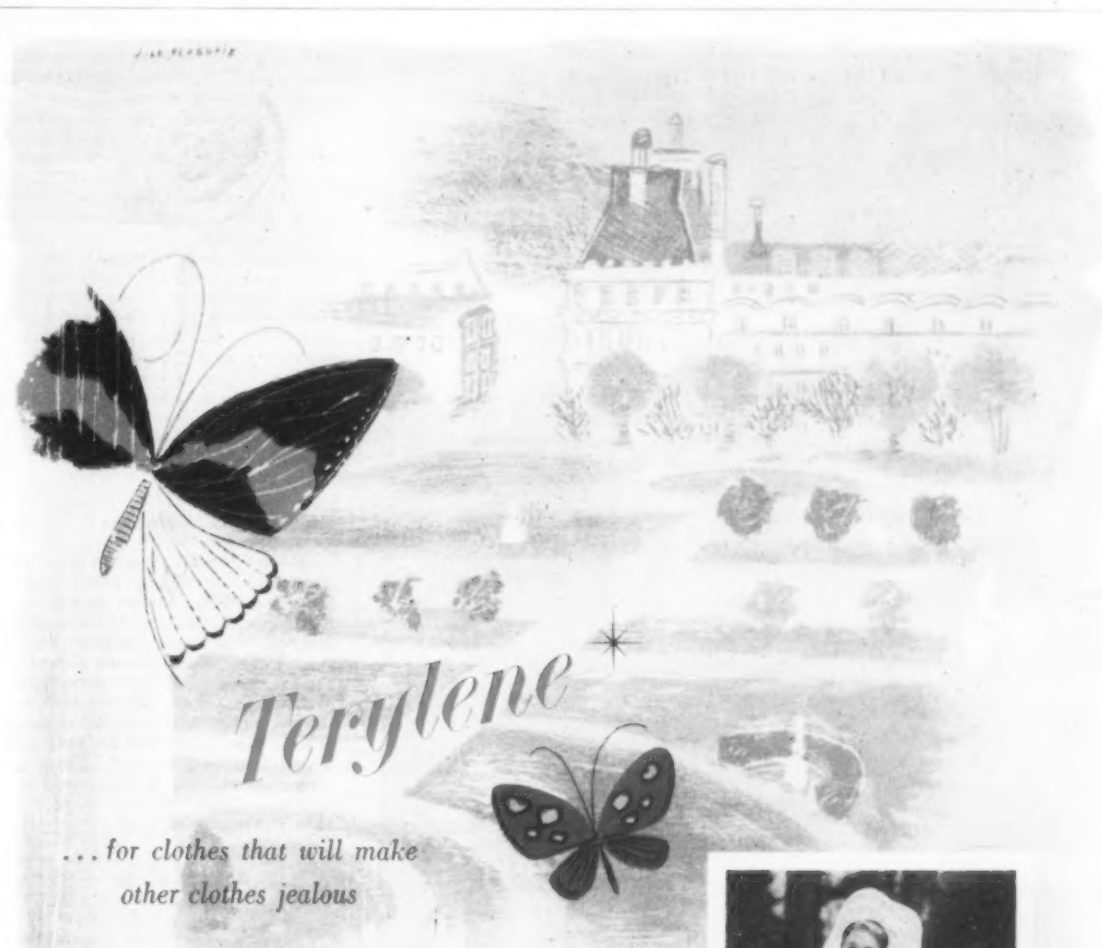
A fabulous personality at North Bay before the turn of the century was Judge John Doran, who dispensed justice frontier style. His son, J. J. Doran, turned out to be a heavyweight boxer of near-championship calibre. He bought a town hotel and did his own

chucking-out. Later, he established the north's first brewery at Sudbury. Now in his seventies, he owns five breweries scattered across northern Ontario.

The Grand Trunk Pacific reached the Bay from Toronto in 1899. Then in 1902, the Timiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway got started toward Cobalt, and was later extended to James Bay. In 1915 the CNR main line was completed across northern Ontario. Because of its location, North Bay became site of northern Ontario's only Normal school, which has trained hundreds of teachers for frontier

schools. Scollard Hall, a Roman Catholic secondary school for boys, and St. Joseph's College, a school for girls, were built at North Bay for the same reason.

Currently under construction is a \$9 million mental home which will serve all northern Ontario. And next on the list, thinks Mayor Dickerson, should be a University of Northern Ontario. "We are not prissy about titles today," he says, "but you could legitimately call us the Capital of the North." The Mayor, it turns out, hasn't seen any flying saucers. But he expects to any evening. ★



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from og to googol

[illegible]

The hang-over headache still puzzles medical men because it occurs not when the blood vessels are fully dilated but when the alcohol is receding from the body and vascular contraction is taking place in the head. The latest theory is that the pain is due partly to the effects of alcohol and partly to the



Coast to Coast

nervous raggedness caused by excessive talking, laughing, singing and dancing, late hours, exhaustion and, finally, remorse.

An excruciating headache can occur in the paranasal sinuses of the forehead during a bad cold. This was once ascribed to the pressure of infected and engorged membranes against pain-sensitive fibres. It has been discovered however that the pain-sensitive fibres in a paranasal sinus are few and not easily hurt. Suspicion that something else was amiss arose from the fact that sinus headache waxes and wanes at the same time every day. In the case of the average person this is between nine in the morning and five at night—the normal working hours.

Experiments have shown that separately neither the engorgement of membranes nor the swelling of blood vessels is capable of producing the pain. But when both occur at the same time the pain, a dull aching distress, usually on one side of the head, can be prostrating.

It is now believed that sinus headache has its origins in the bad cold but that the pain is caused by the additional pressure of blood vessels dilated by worry over whether the cold will hamper the victim at his work. This theory is supported by the fact that when the patient is persuaded to go to bed and forget all about his work the pain usually subsides.

Neuralgia, the face pain, results from swelling blood vessels and in general may be attributed to psychological stresses. It is a predominantly white-race ailment and more than twice as many women are affected as men. In women neuralgia often coincides with the mental conflicts of the menopause.

Headaches also result from arterial hypertension, or high blood pressure. Their mechanism is similar to that of migraine and their origins are rooted in troubles of the mind.

Headaches which result from noxious impulses spreading from diseased teeth, diseased ears, diseased jaws, distorted eye muscles, or the growth of tumors and abscesses, or the infections of fevers, are biological and usually free from psychological complications.

So is the famous ice-cream headache. This stems from the fact that intense cold has the effect of sharply contracting muscles. When ice cream is held against the roof of the mouth for longer than normal periods the particular muscles affected are those in the forehead. As soon as the ice cream leaves the roof of the mouth and passes into the throat the pain dies away.

Some headaches are subdued by taking aspirin, the mildest of the sedatives. Others are severe enough to require codeine, a derivative of morphine. This should be taken only under medical supervision. Prostrating headaches are often relieved by an intramuscular injection of ergotamine tartrate. All these drugs shrink blood vessels. But they are palliatives, not cures.

People suffering from one of the emotional headaches can only recover by reducing nervous tension. Frequent long baths help by relaxing aching muscles. Swimming, athletics, music, reading, painting and hobbies of all kinds take the patient's mind away from his troubles and help to avoid head pains. If any recreation is carried to excess, however, fatigue will result and the good will be undone.

Movies help many headache sufferers because they are a distraction. But violent movies depicting gang warfare, major catastrophes and emotional turmoil should be avoided.

The finest therapy, according to doctors, is to refrain from attempting to be better than the next man and to stop being afraid of tomorrow. ★

The Case of the Drug Peddling Priest

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

associate and confirmed the fact that Lapres did have a large amount of heroin. But the strain of playing a double role before such a hard-eyed audience proved too much for his nerves. At the end of two days his hands shook when he lit a cigarette. It was too tough a job for an inexperienced man. Inspector Brady withdrew him before he was discovered.

This effort, while abortive, uncovered a fantastic fact. Lapres' front man was a priest, Abbé Joseph Arthur Taillefer. He was trafficking in stolen bonds, counterfeit money, black-market gasoline and alcohol as well as drugs.

The bonds appeared to be the loot from some bank holdups in Ontario. Brady approached the Royal Bank with this news. A head-office official, Cleo Fee, offered to put up \$3,500 toward the expense of what Brady warned RCMP headquarters might be "a long and costly operation . . ."

The investigation was put in charge of Raoul Carriere, an intense, bright, hard-working corporal (now an inspector). Ross Andrews, the veteran drug man, was assigned to assist him. They were to be the brain trust of the investigation.

As they were waiting for headquarters to find them a man who could work undercover, Frank DeCheverry, a hefty, dark-haired, good-looking constable was transferred to Montreal from Quebec City. He was quick-witted, shrewd, self-assured, and single. Most of his adult life had been spent in the Air Force and the RCMP. But he looked and acted like a man who had been around—with money in his pocket. And, most imperative, he was a Catholic. Cpl. Carriere realized they had found their undercover man in their own division.

Enter Henri-Paul Papillon

Carriere and Andrews spent days preparing DeCheverry's fictitious background. He had to be a French-speaking out-of-towner who knew Montreal. He had to have a good reason for having no permanent address the mob could check on. They decided to make him a secret inspector for a hotel chain, a man who traveled from coast to coast sizing up the service in competing hotels.

Now they had to have someone to introduce him. André Houle, the Quebec City businessman, had fallen out with Lapres. Lapres' men had threatened to have Houle "beat up and left in a ditch." Carriere and Andrews pressed Houle to name someone else. He suggested a man who did odd jobs for him in Quebec City, Henri-Paul Papillon. Papillon knew the priest through Houle.

Carriere checked on Papillon. He had six children and needed money badly. He was ex-Army Provost Corps and had no criminal record, no trade, no regular employment. On April 11 Carriere called him long-distance. He appealed to Papillon's sense of duty, adding that the Royal Bank would guarantee his expenses, and if the bonds were recovered he could claim a reward. Papillon agreed to catch the Montreal train that afternoon.

Carriere at once booked two adjoining rooms in a large hotel. DeCheverry, who had never worked undercover before, went downtown and bought himself a light-blue suit, neither flashy nor conservative. Andrews and his wife

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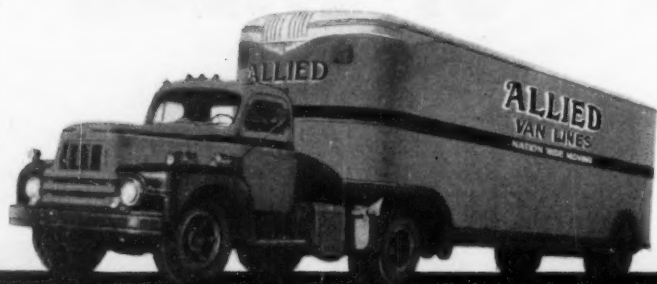
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composed letters on the stationery of various hotels, hinting of shady deals and promiscuity. Andrews knew that the wily Lapres would search DeCheverry's room for information and these letters would begin to fill in DeCheverry's undercover character.

Papillon, their secret agent (an RCMP term), met them in the room that night, a thin, wiry man with a little moustache. "This is Frank Martin," said Carriere, indicating DeCheverry. "He's a fast-buck operator who talks of Winnipeg, Halifax, Toronto and the States. He's fixed you up with black-market coupons during the war. That's all you know about him, except that he's flush and he's interested in B and H (bonds and heroin). Don't forget, we want notes on everything that's said and done." Carriere glanced around the room, at the telegrams and the bottle of Scotch on the dresser, the barely visible letters in DeCheverry's bathrobe pocket. "Are we all set?" DeCheverry nodded.

"A Little B and H, Please"

Cleaning his teeth that night DeCheverry was suddenly shocked to realize that his toothbrush had "RCMP" stamped on it. A detail had almost tripped them up before they had started.

In the morning Papillon went to St. Madeleine d'Outremont Parish to call on the Abbé Taillefer. The Abbé, in his late forties, was a sallow dark-haired man with a faintly harassed manner. Even in his priest's robes he was thin, almost fragile. He had a local reputation as a dynamic preacher.

"I've stopped working for André Houle," Papillon told him. The Quebec City businessman, he said, had tried to cheat him. He described DeCheverry. "A little commission in B and H would suit me fine, father," he said.

The Abbé promised to talk with "Johnny," the shrewd and convivial Lapres for whom he fronted. At 8.30 that night Lapres came into the hotel lobby, a medium-sized man, very sharply dressed. He had sensual lips,

a prominent nose and heavy-lidded, near-sighted eyes. He was a man who thought nothing of dropping five thousand dollars in one night of gambling, or of borrowing five dollars to eat on the next day. He was only 32 but he had been in the rackets a long time. He was very cunning, very wary. But Papillon was persuasive. "All right, I'll deal," said Lapres finally, "as long as you don't introduce me to a horse-man (meaning a Mountie)."

Up in the room, DeCheverry poured a couple of rounds of drinks and Lapres began to relax. "What do you want?" he asked DeCheverry. "I've got everything—gold, diamonds . . ."

"How much H can you give me?" DeCheverry asked.

"Any amount. Up to 120—pounds, not ounces." Lapres was a boastful man who liked people to know he bought fifty-dollar shirts. But if what he said was only one-tenth true, he had an enormous supply.

"Is it pure?" asked DeCheverry.

"Everybody I do business with, they come back for more, that's how pure it is," Lapres turned wary. "Who's it for? Yourself?"

"Hell, no," said DeCheverry. He was too keyed up, like an actor on opening night.

"I don't know how he figures he's going to tell the stuff if he doesn't use it," Lapres said in a sneering aside to Papillon.

"I got ways," said DeCheverry, forcing himself to be offhand. "You sell me an ounce, I'll get it checked in an hour. This is no deal for a chocolate bar."

"Okay. You've got identification? Driver's license, letters?"

"I don't carry that kind of stuff on a deal like this," said DeCheverry. His instructions had been to let Lapres find out who he was for himself.

They continued to spar. Lapres showed a scar on his head which he said he had got by not being careful. "You think you got something?" said DeCheverry. He pointed to his jaw, broken by the kick of a horse during RCMP training. "I been crossed too."

Finally the racketeer agreed to get

JASPER

By Simpkins



MACLEAN'S

"I just know some awful bear has got my little boy."

the heroin. Papillon, the secret agent, whom DeCheverry was pretending not to trust, left with him. But Lapres didn't pick up the drugs. He took Papillon into a tavern. He tried to get him drunk. He kept asking questions about DeCheverry. "You see how he's dressed," he said. "No flash. No stones. You sure he's not one of those G—d—horsemen?"

Papillon told the Mounties about it when he got back to the room, half-drunk, in the early morning. "It's time to show him some money," Cpl. Carriere decided. Fee, the Royal Bank official, had agreed to deposit \$35,000 in a safety-deposit box in DeCheverry's cover name "Frank Martin" in the main branch of the Royal Bank.

The next day, DeCheverry took the racketeer in a cab to the bank. Fee himself ushered them into the vault. DeCheverry unlocked the safety-deposit box. "I'm the kind of a guy who deals in cash," he told Lapres. "You want to see money? Look at that. There. You see what I got?"

Lapres' eyes were bulging. "Feel the stuff," said DeCheverry, carried away by his role. "You know counterfeit money. What's this?" He picked up a package, rifled it grandiosely, and almost fainted away. Between a sandwich of real bills there was nothing but blank paper. (Carriere had padded out the \$35,000 and neglected to mention it to DeCheverry.) He dropped it like a hot coal. Lapres had noticed nothing. "Get your paws off," DeCheverry snapped. "Now you know how I do business."

Steel on His Heels

Back in the hotel cocktail lounge, Lapres' caution struggled with his greed. Under the pretext of going to the washroom DeCheverry called the RCMP strategists in the room next to his. "You're fed up," Andrews told him. "That's your line now."

In the lounge, the racketeer was saying to Papillon. "I think he's a *flic*. Look at the steel on his heels. Look at his belt. You think a guy with dough would wear a cheap belt like that?"

"I think you should have his room searched," Papillon said, feigning fright. The skinny secret agent was proving exceptionally cool-headed. Lapres had no suspicions whatever about him.

DeCheverry came back to the lounge. "I figure I'm getting the run-around," he told the racketeer. "I produce money and what do you produce—nothing but arguments."

Lapres insisted DeCheverry produce an underworld reference. DeCheverry stalled; this sort of thing couldn't be set up by phone. But Lapres refused to talk further business.

Next day DeCheverry checked out of the hotel and Papillon told Abbé Taillefer and Lapres that DeCheverry didn't like the way they did business. The racketeer shrugged. "If he's a horseman, it doesn't matter. If not, he'll be back."

Carriere and Andrews, the back-room psychologists, decided to feed the syndicate a little more information. A week later Papillon arranged for DeCheverry to call the priest.

On the telephone the Abbé was nervous. He asked DeCheverry for his solemn word that everything was all right. "You're not a Mountie, my son?"

"Oh no, father," DeCheverry said, "God forbid." The Abbé promised to see him the following day.

The Mountie met the priest in the presbytery parlor with its big, solid, old-fashioned furniture. "I respect your position, Father," said DeCheverry, "You must also realize my

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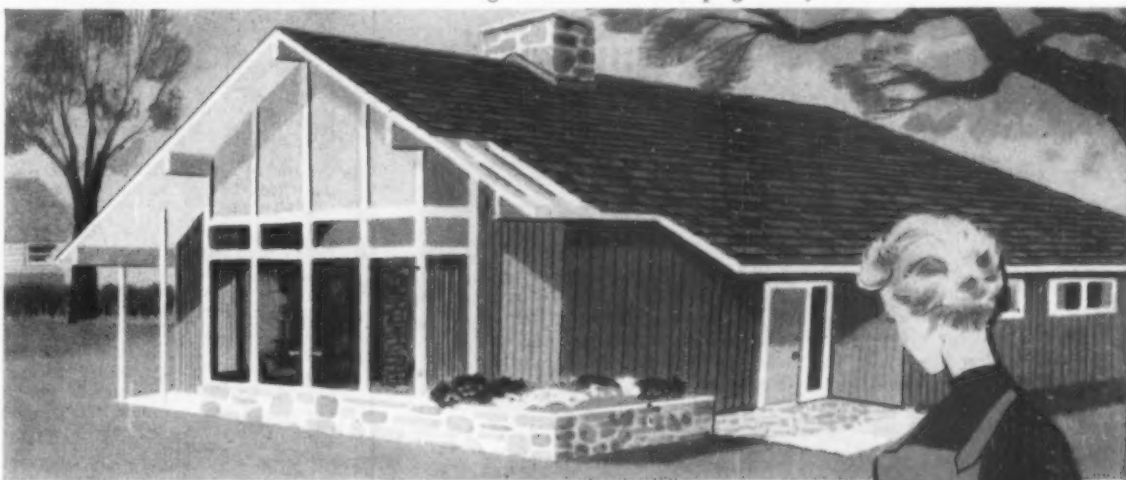
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"Rest easy," said the priest. "We will all make a lot of money"

position. I'm out to make a buck like you, but I have a good job too." He explained his hotel connection. "I'm not going to let some two-bit punk like Lapres foul things up." The abbé's nervousness vanished. He called Lapres and told him "Martin" was "all right."

Lapres now agreed to sell a sample ounce, although he was still suspicious. "You could still be a Mountie," he told DeCheverry. "You got the shoulders for one."

Next morning DeCheverry met Lapres and Papillon in the hotel lobby. DeCheverry handed Papillon \$300—the agreed wholesale price. Nearby, RCMP plain-clothes men were watching. Lapres cautiously refused to count the money or touch it. "Meet me at the Club Tavern in ten minutes," he told Papillon.

When Lapres reached the tavern a husky man named Rosaire Delisle was with him. They sat down and looked at Papillon in a way that made the secret agent uneasy. "I tell you what I think," Lapres said softly, "I think you're an RCMP sent to nail me." The nerves in Papillon's stomach tensed. Unless Lapres was bluffing his life wasn't worth much. He laughed. "Let Delisle search you," ordered Lapres.

Heroin on the Staircase

Papillon stood up, seemingly bored. Delisle patted his pockets, searching for a gun. He looked under his lapels for the pinpricks of a badge.

"All right," said Lapres, "Give Delisle the money and you stay with me."

Papillon relaxed; Lapres had been bluffing. "When I get the stuff," he said coolly, "I'll give you the money."

They met Delisle outside another tavern in an hour. He showed Papillon where he had taped the one-ounce packet of heroin underneath the step of an outside staircase. Papillon paid him and left. Back in the hotel Carriere and Andrews tested the powder with nitric acid. It turned vivid blue-green, a heroin reaction.

Papillon then telephoned the priest. He told him "Martin" was annoyed at the time the deal had taken. "Rest easy, my friend," said the priest, "the big deal will go through in the morning. We will all make a lot of money."

But Lapres and the Abbé did not appear at DeCheverry's room till the following evening and Lapres was still hanging back. "We must trust one another," said the priest.

"It's all right for you to trust him," Lapres said, "I don't trust anybody. How much H do you want, Frankie?"

"Fifty pieces (ounces)," DeCheverry said. "How about bonds?"

"The big lot is out of town," said Lapres. "I'll need a thousand bucks deposit to get them."

"We must have faith in each other," said the priest. "You can leave the money with me in perfect safety."

"Do you think I'm a bloody fool?" said DeCheverry. "Forgive me, Father. It's not that I don't trust you. But I'd be leaving myself wide-open."

The Abbé left and the argument adjourned to the cocktail lounge. For DeCheverry this was the worst night of the investigation. With the pretense of showing him drugs, Lapres dragged him from night club to night club until dawn, holding him up to the dead-pan inspection of mobsters who

had met a great many Mounties in their careers.

The next day, Saturday, the racketeer brought a couple of girls around in a transparent move to get information. "Look," DeCheverry told him. "You took me for a sucker last night. But you're crazy if you think I'm paying the shot for your girl friends today. I'm leaving town on a big deal tonight, I'll see you Monday." Then DeCheverry took a streetcar to the outskirts of Montreal and spent the week end with his aunt.

Sunday night he came back for a late powwow with Carriere and Andrews. "We can't do any more to convince him you're okay," Carriere said. "Get tough. Tell him to make up his mind. But even if he doesn't come through, don't close the door."

DeCheverry called Abbé Taillefer in the morning. "I'm tired of wasting time with Lapres, Father. I'm not going to take my money from the bank. The way Lapres' muscle men have been following me around, I think he's planning a hijack." He was taking a shot in the dark about being followed, but the priest did not dispute him. "Either we put the deal through tomorrow," DeCheverry concluded, "or we'll wash it out. I'm leaving town on the four-thirty."

Just before noon the following day, Lapres and the priest both came to the room. DeCheverry ignored their glances at his Scotch and told them flatly: "The only way I'll deal is for you to put the stuff in a station locker and give me the key. That way I can

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get a look at it first. I'll give the money to the Abbé here, either in the bank or outside, whichever he wants."

Lapres wanted the money first and he wouldn't touch a locker. The meeting broke up. At one o'clock, Carriere told Papillon to call Abbé Taillefer. "Martin's gone out to eat," the secret agent told the priest, "I just wanted to tell you he's sure Lapres is a con man. He says, 'If they want to do business, they'll have to do it my way.'"

"I don't blame him," said the priest, "Johnny wants him to take all the chances."

"Don't tell him we were talking," Papillon cautioned.

Twice during the afternoon Lapres called to argue for his method of handling the sale. "Why doesn't he make up his mind?" said DeCheverry irritably. "I think he's willing to deal," said Andrews thoughtfully, "I think there's someone behind him holding him back. That's why they're changing plan so much." At four o'clock, DeCheverry said good-by to Papillon and returned to the big downtown RCMP divisional building, where he was confined to barracks to avoid recognition.

Papillon paid a visit to the presbytery next morning. "Frank's pulled out," he said. "I've lost my commission. You've lost yours. All because of Lapres."

"Johnny thinks Martin is a policeman," said the Abbé. "I think he is right. We do not want to trust him. Good-by, my friend. I am sorry you have not made any money."

That was April 25. The curtain had fallen on the first act, a long opening movement. The salient facts were referred to Ottawa:

1. They knew Lapres had narcotics, probably a huge amount.

2. They could more than make link him to the first test purchase by the testimony of Papillon, DeCheverry and the cover men who had sometimes been close enough to record scraps of conversation.

3. But a premature seizure might fail to net the drugs or the bonds.

4. Then there was the delicate matter of the priest; in such a case, one purchase seemed scarcely sufficient evidence.

5. There was the vague, mysterious figure behind both Lapres and the priest. This man was undoubtedly big, for Lapres was no minor criminal.

Headquarters decided to let two months go by to give the syndicate a feeling of false security.

On June 3 the case took a bad turn. They heard that their original informant, André Houle, the Quebec City businessman, had gone to Msgr. Joseph Charbonneau, Archbishop of Montreal, with the tale of Abbé Taillefer's activities. When Cpl. Carrier questioned Houle he denied it, but his manner was evasive and uneasy. Carriere asked Papillon to visit the Abbé and try to find out what actually had happened.

The priest welcomed Papillon. "I have much to tell you, my friend," André Houle, said the Abbé, had tried to blackmail him. Houle had told the priest that Papillon and "Martin" were Mounted Policemen. All the syndicate's movements had been watched, their telephones tapped, their conversations recorded. For a thousand dollars, Houle had said, he would pay off a high-ranking RCMP officer and stop the investigation. Otherwise, he would tell the Archbishop all about the Abbé.

This threat had been discussed at a top-level meeting of the syndicate, the priest told Papillon. "Suppose I go to Quebec and knock him off?" one mobster had suggested.

"No, no, no!" the priest had answered. "That would be against my principles."

"We could pick him up and make him talk," said another racketeer. "Let us wait," the priest advised. "If I don't hear from the Archbishop we can be sure he is lying to get money out of me."

"I think he's lying," the top man had concluded. "If Martin and Papillon were redcoats they'd have knocked us off long ago. From what you say, Martin spent \$400 in one week. The *Montées* wouldn't spend that kind of money. Besides, it takes more than a thousand dollars to fix them."

Their quarry was still on the hook and the RCMP officers knew now what they had only suspected before: someone big was directing the moves of both Lapres and the priest. Carriere and Andrews warned their double-crossing informant André Houle to keep his mouth shut, but how long he would they didn't know. Once again they extended the bait, a letter from Papillon to the priest.

On July 8, the priest replied:

Dear Mister & friend:

I see that you are fine but if money was present things would be better. If you communicate with Martin and I think it would be a good idea if you did, tell him J. Lapres has always his material H and that he would be willing to do business this time.

I leave you now with my best regards,

J. A. Taillefer, Ptre

This was their opening. On July 12 DeCheverry and Papillon and the two co-ordinators, Carriere and Andrews, once again checked into adjoining rooms, this time in a different hotel. Their strategy now was to cut

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out Lapres. They already had enough on Lapres to convict him and as long as he remained active they had little hope of involving the man behind him.

Papillon set it up by a visit to the Abbé. "Martin's in town," he told the priest. "He doesn't know I'm here. I wanted to see you first. Here's our chance to make some money. He's mad at Johnny Lapres. But he trusts you. I think you could swing a deal."

The next morning the priest came to the hotel. DeCheverry, playing hard to get, tried to beat down the price (\$300 an ounce).

"I didn't set it myself," explained the priest.

"That ounce I bought from Lapres was one-fifth short," DeCheverry complained.

"I assure you I didn't know," the Abbé told him. "You will get full measure from me, my friend. You can have every confidence. My man is a good, solid man."

The Abbé left and returned at noon. "Everything is arranged," he said, "but my man will only sell ten ounces this time."

"The same old run-around," Martin

said. "I'll think it over." At eight o'clock, he called the priest. "On a test purchase, Father, I'm not going to risk more than \$1,500." Again the Abbé had to go back to "his man." Again and again DeCheverry haggled, each time drawing the unknown figure behind the priest deeper into the deal. Finally, the terms were agreed.

The priest knocked on DeCheverry's door at eleven the following morning, very pale, very agitated. "Where's the H?" DeCheverry asked him.

"In a locker at Central. The key is hidden near St. James Cathedral."

"Once I've seen it, is it okay to move it to another locker?"

"No, no, do not move it! There are men watching it. They might jump you. On my honor, no one will touch it."

"Okay, okay. Don't get excited, Father."

They walked out of the hotel, along the street, and up the steps of the great cathedral. On the east side, the Abbé pointed toward a diamond-shaped stone. DeCheverry found the locker key in an envelope beneath it. "Wait for me at the station, the south entrance," he told the priest.

The locker in the station held a brown paper package. In it were six tiny cellophane envelopes. DeCheverry slipped one under the band of his wrist watch. Outside, he found the priest chain smoking nervously. "Relax, Father, everything looks okay," said DeCheverry. He made sure the tails had had time to get into position, then flagged a cab. "Royal Bank, main branch," he said. In the rear-view mirror he could recognize a police car, a blue sport model.

The priest sat in the cab while DeCheverry went in. Carrière and another Mountie were waiting in the vault. They tested the ounce of heroin, and gave DeCheverry \$1,500 in marked bills. Riding back to the station in the cab DeCheverry let the priest count the money, then took it back. "We'll wait till I see if the stuff is still there, Father." He didn't know if their plans included a hijacking or not.

Connecting with a Connection

The brown paper package was still in the locker. "Here's the money," DeCheverry said. He had no trouble pretending to be nervous. "Now telephone your man and get him to call off his hoods." He manoeuvred the Abbé into a telephone booth that had no dial system and the priest was forced to repeat the number aloud to the operator. DeCheverry memorized it, holding in his excitement. This was the break.

"My man is satisfied," said the priest. "I must admit, I was afraid there would be some federal police." They shook hands. That afternoon the priest called back. "I am leaving on my holidays. When you come back to town we will make a good deal, eh?"

This might be termed the second movement, short and successful beyond their hopes. They had now enough evidence to prosecute the priest, Lapres, and Lapres' henchman, Rosaire Delisle. And they knew the man behind, the "connection." His phone number had been traced. He called himself Michel Sisco. Little else was known about him. He had no police record in Montreal.

The RCMP strategy now was to have DeCheverry meet Sisco. DeCheverry booked a hotel room on Aug. 1 and invited Abbé Taillefer up for a drink. They talked of the money the priest had made during the war with black-market gas and sugar coupons. "Who would suspect me?" the Abbé said, "I'm a perfect front. They wouldn't dare touch me." They talked of Communism, blondes, automobiles. More than anything else the priest wanted a car, a limousine. "If I make enough on our deals to buy a car," he said hopefully, "you can borrow it when you come to town."

"I've got to get a better price," said DeCheverry. Always while dangling the lure he had to seem to be backing away.

"I'll ask my man," the Abbé promised.

"Maybe I should talk to him. Put things on a solid basis. We're wasting a lot of time running back and forth."

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The priest said he would try to arrange a meeting but he did not mention it the following day. DeCheverry did not press it. He checked out of the hotel, boarded the Halifax train, got off at Montreal West and was picked up by a police car. A few days later, through the hotel chain he was supposed to work for, he received a card from the priest. "I will pray for you," the Abbé wrote, "and that our deal goes through."

On Sept. 6, hotel chambermaids noticed that the strange men who seldom went out were back in adjoining rooms. This time the strategists, Cpl. Carriere and Const. Andrews, intended to force Sisco into the open. They had primed DeCheverry with logical questions the Abbé would not be able to answer. They had given him letters supposedly written by his Winnipeg backer suggesting he get the stuff in Toronto for fear of "a double cross by Lapres."

"Cancel the deal if you have to," Carriere said, "For the kind of money he thinks you've got he'll come out." They knew by now that Sisco owned a roadhouse north of the city. He controlled an elegant call house through his mistress Suzanne Filleau, a pretty, shapely brunette. He was listed as a commercial agent, but the Customs had no importations under his name. He paid no income tax. Dun & Bradstreet didn't know him. He was suave, sophisticated, spoke five languages, and made several phone calls a week to New York. The FBI, through their Ottawa liaison officer, had been asked to check on the calls.

DeCheverry had expected that the priest would greet him gladly. Instead, the Abbé was standoffish. He said he was very busy with the opening of the schools. "Don't hand me that," said DeCheverry testily. "You don't want to deal, okay. I know where I can get the stuff and none of this run-around." Uneasily, the priest promised to come to his room.

When he came two days later he talked ambiguously of getting out of "the H business." Suddenly, he said: "Did you hear that Johnny Lapres was arrested?"

"No!" said DeCheverry.

"Some Montée named Carriere."

DeCheverry choked on his drink. Carriere had wanted DeCheverry's surprise to be genuine. He had grilled Lapres on a counterfeiting charge. He wanted Lapres to be too hot for Sisco to use.

"They questioned him all night," said the priest. He looked up and met DeCheverry's eyes. "Johnny says when he went to the toilet he met you face to face. Is this true? Are you a Mounted Policeman?"

DeCheverry jumped up angrily. "He's a doublecrossing, chiseling no-good . . . Get him to meet me in the presbytery. I'll tell him to his face. We'll see who's lying." He swore bitterly. "The deal's off. How do I know Lapres isn't behind your man?"

"I give you my solemn word," said the priest. He left on a somewhat conciliatory note.

The next day he called back. "You do not have to confront Johnny, my son. My man has forced him to tell the truth. Johnny was lying. We know you are not a Mounted Policeman. My man will meet you for fifteen minutes tomorrow night, here in the presbytery." It was the word they'd been waiting for. Lapres' lie had been an unexpected piece of luck.

The Mountie and the syndicate head shook hands in the Abbé's book-lined office. Michel Sisco had thin close-shut lips and a prominent nose in a round olive-skinned face. His short heavy figure was draped in

expensive tailoring. His fluid French had a continental flavor. "This is the boss," said the Abbé.

"Where does Lapres come in?" demanded DeCheverry belligerently.

"I no longer trust him," Sisco said. "He is not in this transaction. Were you satisfied with our deals? Was the quality good? Have I given you full measure?"

DeCheverry allowed himself to be mollified. "You can guarantee a steady supply?"

"Even if war comes," Sisco allowed DeCheverry a cut in price, referring to

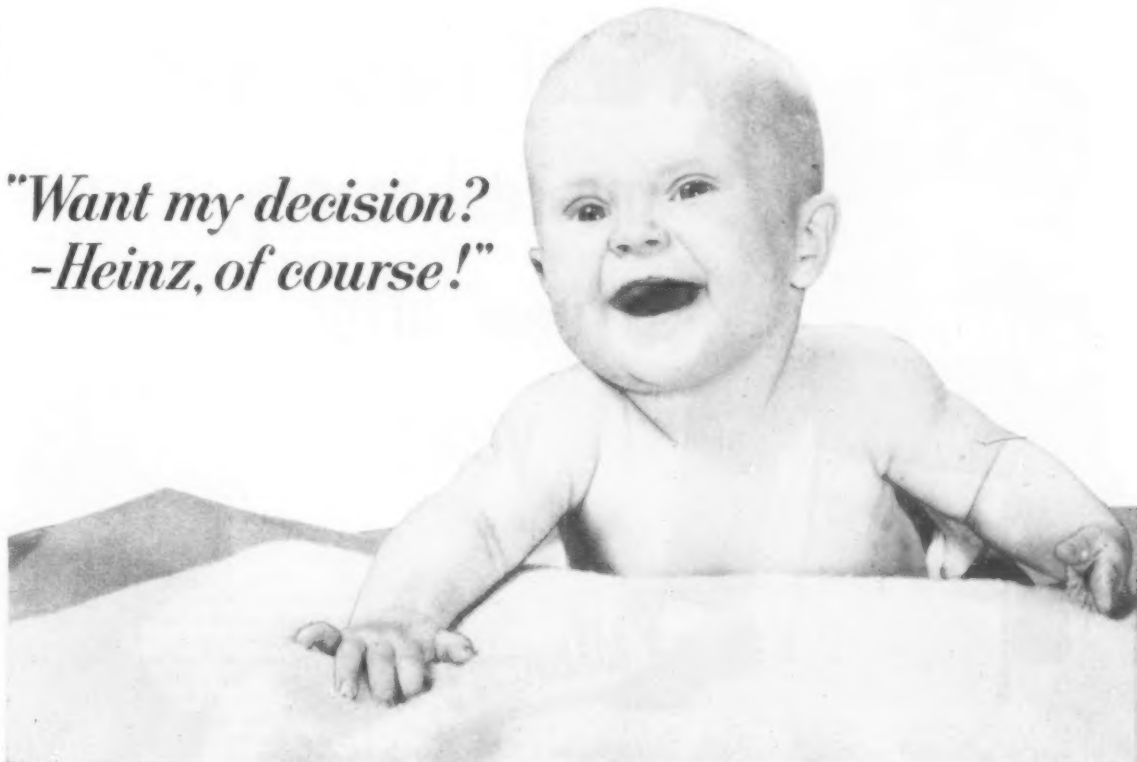
the heroin as "merchandise." "The merchandise from America is not pure," he said. "The best is made in Germany." He exuded authority and charm. "I have been in business for twenty years. I know how to handle these deals. If at any time you cannot come yourself, write a letter to the Abbé here, tear it, mail half, and give half to a messenger. It is dangerous to send merchandise through the mails. Do you want any now?"

"Yes, but I'll have to check with my clients on the amount," DeCheverry invited Sisco out for a drink. Sisco

declined. "It would not be wise to be seen together," he said.

It had come to a head much faster than they had expected. Cpl. Carriere and Const. Andrews hastily assembled their men. They couldn't risk shadowing Sisco but two constables and their wives were sent to his roadhouse, ostensibly to dance, actually to familiarize themselves with his appearance so that they would be better able to shadow him during the deal. Six constables were assigned to watch the presbytery in eight-hour shifts. When the priest left they would join six

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others covering DeCheverry along the route of the transaction.

DeCheverry telephoned Abbé Taillefer and set up the sale: 32 ounces of heroin—the same arrangement as last time. A hurry-up request for \$7,200 went up the chain of command to the Treasury Board and was granted. Until the last moment, DeCheverry pestered the priest with changes of plan in the hope of badgering Sisco into personally taking part.

DeCheverry was on edge when the Abbé arrived in the room at eleven o'clock on the morning of the deal.

Much of their work would succeed or fail in the next hour. "Everything's ready," the priest said nervously. "I am sure all will go well." On the other side of the wall, Const. Andrews was quietly co-ordinating the movements of half a dozen police cars by two-way radio.

Once more the Abbé led the Mountie to St. James Cathedral and they waited in the still, cool, vaulted entrance. "My man would like the money when we get the key," said the priest. "Nothing doing," DeCheverry said, "I've got to see the stuff first."

A thick-set round-faced man walked in: Sisco himself! He shook hands, leaving the locker key in DeCheverry's palm. "My men will be watching every move you make," he said evenly. "Please don't try anything or you've had it."

DeCheverry walked to Central Station, the Abbé following, Sisco trailing the Abbé. The Mountie opened the locker and felt the brown paper parcel. He threw it back in and slammed the door. He had felt no drugs. He could sense the unknown eyes watching him.

The Abbé was loitering at the

station's south entrance. "What the hell are you pulling off?" said DeCheverry, low-voiced and angry. "All I got there's a bunch of lousy paper."

The priest laughed. Sisco came up. "I wanted to see what would happen," he said. "We have to protect ourselves. Go back to the church and wait for me."

This time the key was for a Windsor Station locker. DeCheverry opened it, felt the waxy one-ounce packs and knew that this was the big haul (\$40,000 to \$140,000 retail, depending on the city it sold in). He and the Abbé and Sisco got into a taxi.

A man in an idling car nearby spoke quietly into a microphone: "He's heading for the bank." Const. Andrews, in the hotel room, relayed the message. Another car pulled up beside the Royal Bank and Cpl. Carriere went in.

Carriere stood like any customer by the rows of safety-deposit boxes while an attendant ushered DeCheverry and the priest to a private room. "Count the money," he heard DeCheverry say, and then he added, "Take it, it's yours."

"Later," the priest said. "It's yours," DeCheverry insisted and he turned and left the room. As the priest followed, reluctantly holding the money, Carriere placed his hand on his shoulder. "You're under arrest," he said.

Abbé Taillefer's mouth opened but no words came. Outside on the street Sisco had been arrested. Lapres' henchman, Rosaire Delisle, was being rounded up. Lapres, cocky as ever, came in by himself. "I'm Johnny Lapres," he said, "I hear you're looking for me."

From B. C.—Or from Bone?

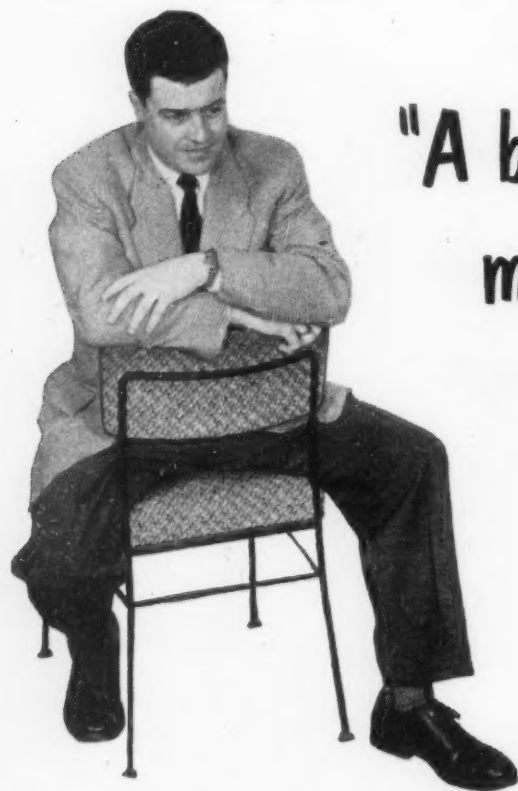
A search of Sisco's flat yielded no new evidence, but in the Abbé's office they found a scrap of paper on which the priest had been figuring his profit. They did not recover the rest of the huge drug cache which now they were sure existed. The bonds had already been sold to racketeers in New York.

At first Sisco suavely tried to pass off his arrest as an unfortunate misunderstanding. Carriere said: "The man you met in Abbé Taillefer's room, the man you sold 32 ounces of heroin to, was not Frank Martin, but Const. Frank DeCheverry of the RCMP."

"No name was mentioned when I met him," Sisco said. He realized his slip at once. "If you think you can get me to talk you've got the wrong man. If you think you have a case you have only to charge me. I'll tell my story in court."

But Michel Sisco never came to court. And he told his story a few days later. He was born in Michel, B.C., he said. His mother had died very young and he had been taken back to Italy. The Germans had interned him in Milan but he had escaped to North Africa. A British cruiser had brought him from Casablanca to Halifax. He had no proof for his story but it was very hard to disprove; the records of birth in Michel, B.C., had been destroyed by fire.

Some weeks later Sisco's fingerprints, identified by the International Criminal Police Commission in Paris, told his true story. He was Antoine (called Michel) D'Agostino, born in Bone, Algeria, in 1919. He held controlling interests in various illegal businesses in Italy and France. He was wanted for counterfeiting in Italy. And in France, as an ex-Gestapo agent, he was under sentence of death for murder. It cannot be proved, but he is believed to have been smuggled into Canada with Suzanne Filleau, his mistress, by the steward of an Italian liner.



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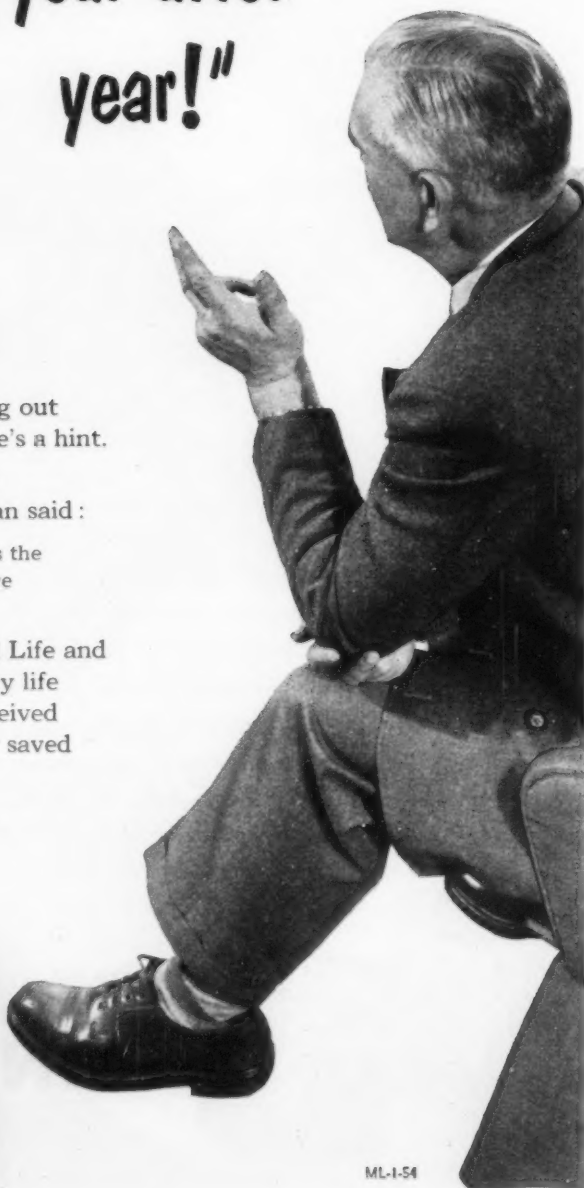
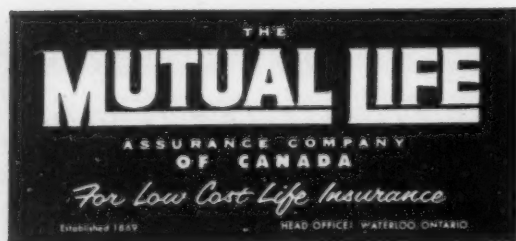
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A judge of the Court of the King's Bench set bail at \$20,000, though the RCMP advised that allowing Sisco bail was unwise. At first, Sisco wasn't able to raise it. Then he asked to see Cpl. Carriere and said: "If I'm not sprung I'll have something to tell you." He said he could supply the low-down on the international drug traffic reaching back to illicit factories in Europe. His threat found its way via the underworld grapevine to his syndicate associates. Shortly afterward his bail was reduced to \$12,000. It was posted and Sisco promptly vanished.

He comes briefly to view again in 1951 when a very large narcotics ring was broken in New York. Sisco is described by the U. S. Immigration Service as "a main ringleader of this international smuggling organization . . . very clever, very dangerous . . . usually armed," and his stature may be judged by the fact that two of the gangsters arrested were top-level figures in the nationwide Unione Siciliano, which succeeded the murderous Mafia. Sisco and his mistress again escaped. The U. S. Bureau of Narcotics has advised the RCMP that he is now in the U. S.-Mexican drug traffic.

As for the others, Johnny Lapres was sentenced to three years. The unrepentant Abbé Taillefer drew two years and a thousand dollar fine, and Lapres' henchman, Rosaire Delisle got three months, since this was his first offense. Their sentences served, these men—like Michel Sisco—are free today.

In trying to control the drug traffic the RCMP faces the unpleasant fact that it is next to impossible to keep narcotics out of Canada. An influential "connection" has only to lift his telephone to place an order in New York. By nightfall, a runner will be driving north, heading for any one of several hundred border points. He carries the white narcotic powder in books with sections cut out, in chocolate tubes with the cream removed, in toothpaste tubes, talcum tins, matchboxes with false bottoms. He may wear shoes with false heels, a skintight belt, or have a pocket concealed in his underwear. If the crime cartel which controls the traffic thinks a runner is known, he's changed immediately.

The profits from this traffic pour in a steady flow into the coffers of the organized underworld. It's a source of easy capital which is often reinvested in other rackets. The biggest man in the underworld in Montreal today came to Canada nearly broke in the Thirties. He pulled three quick narcotics deals and made enough capital to get into the numbers racket. Then he branched into bookmaking. Now he is strong enough to tackle anything.

The drug traffic is like a cancer in the social body. It can be cured only by cutting out the roots: by controlling the poppy crops and the factory production, which the United Nations organization is attempting to do. In the meantime, a much-needed interim step has just been taken by parliament: the maximum jail sentence has been increased to 14 years, which may encourage judges to hand out stiffer penalties.

Otherwise the traffickers who are finally caught return to their trade in a few years with one lesson engraved on their mind: never never sell to a man you do not know. And the work of the RCMP undercover men becomes increasingly difficult and costly. ★

Next Issue: The Mounties Part Five
The Communist Conspiracy

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RICE BREWED

TO THE CANADIAN TASTE

HOW GREEN WAS MY VEHICLE

By ALEX McGOVERN

DRAWING BY DESMOND ENGLISH

THERE I was content with life and they had to start putting green glass windows in automobiles and for a while it was a fad and people would gape and say look green glass windows but now it has come to a pretty pass and the kids stand on the corner and yell yah ordinary glass and even in church the green glassers sit by themselves over on the left under the pulpit mostly doctors and lawyers because they are the only ones who can afford green glass windows.

But it wasn't until my wife Emily started looking funny at me every time we got into the car to go to a show and saying I see the Sneffs have green glass and starting to hum Oh Promise Me our song that always softens me up that I started to take this green glass business seriously and went around worried about how I was going to get some even if I had to wear the tan gabardine for another season till the bonuses come in.

The cheapest green glass you can get for a sedan like mine runs to almost one hundred and seventy-five dollars for a set of windows and a front screen so at first I tried putting it on my expense account but took it off again because the last thing I want is to have our secretary-treasurer looking into my expense accounts not that I make a cent off the road with the cost of meals and bellhops expecting twenty-five cents for turning your bathroom light on instead of a dime like they used to be glad to get he might start trying to find out why it costs me \$4.95 a day to eat when Scackle in western Ontario can eat for \$3.20 a day and if I had a stomach like Ken Scackle which all he can eat is milk and crackers I would keep the meal cost down too.

But Emily got so she wasn't speaking to me naturally for days except when the commission cheque came in and she had to ask me to countersign it so we could hand it over to the income tax and I got to nervous twitching every time I saw a car with green glass windows and my doctor who has green glass windows said take it easy and that will be ten dollars and it looked like our family was never going to hold a normal conversation again when I saw a piece of green plastic in Al's service station that you could put on your front window yourself and it was \$1.25.

I said how do you put it on and

Al and the servicemen started to polish cars and repair tires and disappeared into the grease pit as soon as he had the \$1.25 and it was the most vacant service station you ever saw so after waiting for a while I said oh hell I will put it on myself and took it home and went into the garage and locked the door.

I am not one of those courageous souls who stand on burning decks or start off on a two-year trip to find a pole that nobody is sure whether it is there or not I am a coward just like you and don't talk back to anybody and it said on the box clean the inside of the window and anyway when you have children in high school it isn't very nice to have them come home crying at night daddy all the kids are pointing at us and calling us ordinary glass and Emily putting her arms around them motherly and looking at me soulful and saying we don't ask you

much for working our fingers to the bone to make a nice home for you why can't we have green glass the Ducketts have it.

Who invented the plastic must have been for a Model T because it stuck over

three inches on the left side so I cut a piece off and it didn't stick over any more it didn't even reach and there were air bubbles under it and more dirt than there was before I washed it so I took it off and put it in the trunk and went in to read the paper whistling and Emily said what did you bring into the garage and I said mmmggllp and she said what and I said mmmggllp again and there right in the middle of the paper was an ad saying spray your windows green so I went out to the garage again while still whistling and went over quick to the other side of town to the store it said and I bought it.

So now I have green windows because I am a good sprayer and we have a part green steering wheel and a part green dashboard and green dials and even if some parts of the windows are greener than other parts we are now sitting right under the pulpit with the doctors and lawyers only now I have to put a dollar on the plate instead of a dime and I don't think I shall save anything over the next five years which is how long I am going to keep this car as I am not going to go through this green glass thing again and besides by that time they will likely be putting red windows in cars instead of green. ★



Walter Harris

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

never particularly good at either subject. History was his long suit, and still is.

After his admission to the Bar he spent several years trying to set up practice in Toronto. It didn't work. The first year he made less than \$1,000, and he never made much more. Harris decided to move to the country.

In Markdale, where he had numerous relatives on both sides of the family, there was only one Liberal lawyer, the late Patrick McCullough, and he was getting on in years. Harris went to see if he could buy the McCullough practice.

"I understand you're a Liberal, my boy?" the older man said. Harris admitted this was true.

"Well, you come in here and beat the Tories, and you can have the practice. I don't want any money."

Harris did his best. He was already an experienced doorbell ringer for the Liberal Party—politics had been his ambition ever since high-school days, and he was secretary of the Ward Six Liberal Association in Toronto while he was still a law student. In Markdale he worked hard for the Liberals, was secretary first of the provincial and later of the federal association in Grey Bruce, and stood for the Liberal nomination in 1935. He lost by seven votes, but the winning Liberal nominee was beaten as usual by the late Agnes MacPhail, a Progressive. In 1939 Harris won the Liberal nomination, and in 1940 beat Miss MacPhail in the general election.

When he went to Markdale he was already engaged to Grace Morrison, whom he'd met at a Baptist church in

Toronto. She is a daughter of J. J. Morrison, for many years secretary of the United Farmers of Ontario—a fact which helped Harris get Progressive support in Grey Bruce. Like most MPs' wives she dislikes politics and wishes her husband had stuck to law, but perhaps because of her own home background she's more resigned to her fate than most.

When war broke out in September 1939 Harris was 35, and his wife was expecting their second child. He joined the local militia regiment, the Grey and Simcoe Foresters. It was left in reserve that winter, so Harris had time to campaign in the 1940 election and to attend the first six weeks of parliament. In June it was called up. Harris closed his law office and went active with his unit.

Promotion Made Him Mad

Parliament didn't see much of him thereafter. He would turn up occasionally, in uniform, and in the five years he was on active service he made three speeches. In all of them he spoke more as a serviceman's representative than as MP for Grey Bruce.

Harris' commanding officer was Brigadier Tom Rutherford, now director of soldiers' settlement and the Veterans' Land Act. Rutherford says Harris was his best officer—"If he hadn't been an MP he'd have been promoted further and faster." (Harris came out of the war a major.)

Overseas in 1944, he was commanding a tank squadron after his regiment had been broken up for reinforcements. Just before D-Day, at the suggestion of Mackenzie King, the 39-year-old Harris was "promoted" from his tank command to a staff job at General Eisenhower's headquarters.

Harris was furious. He consulted



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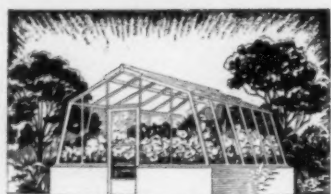


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Tom Rutherford who said, "You'll have to go, but you can easily show them you weren't cut out for a staff officer." Harris took the advice, reported for duty at SHAEF, and in about a week was back looking for a combat post again. His own command had been filled, but there were casualties enough in June 1944 to leave no scarcity of openings for a man who wanted to get into the fight. In two days Harris had another tank command and was on his way to Normandy.

Five weeks later, during an engagement south of Caen, he was climbing out of his tank to confer with an infantry commander when a sniper's bullet shattered his right foot. That ended his combat career—it took two operations before he could walk again.

Harris was in hospital when he got a letter from the Liberal Association of Grey Bruce. They were planning a nominating convention the following month. If he would come home and attend to business as an MP he'd be renominated unanimously. If he insisted on staying overseas they intended to pick another candidate.

Harris was pretty annoyed; for a while he thought of telling his constituents to jump into Georgian Bay. However, he knew he could go home all right if he wanted to. He was through as a fighting soldier anyway, what with his wounded foot and his fortieth birthday only a few months off. If he stayed in the army it would be in some office job; if he went home he'd be going back to his life work. He swallowed his irritation and cabled the riding that he'd be home.

Back in Ottawa he became once more an unobtrusive backbencher. He spoke briefly in the conscription debate of December 1944, supporting the Government's decision to send 16,000 conscripts overseas but rather belittling the desperate outcry for reinforcements. His experience in the armored corps, he said, was that there was a reinforcement crisis every month as the pool became depleted; then the next shipload would arrive, and the crisis would be off for another few weeks. Opposition speakers accused him of "befuddling the issue" by citing experience in the armored corps when the reinforcement shortage was in the infantry, but they were careful not to attack Harris too sharply. His own

war record was not to be taken lightly by home-staying civilians.

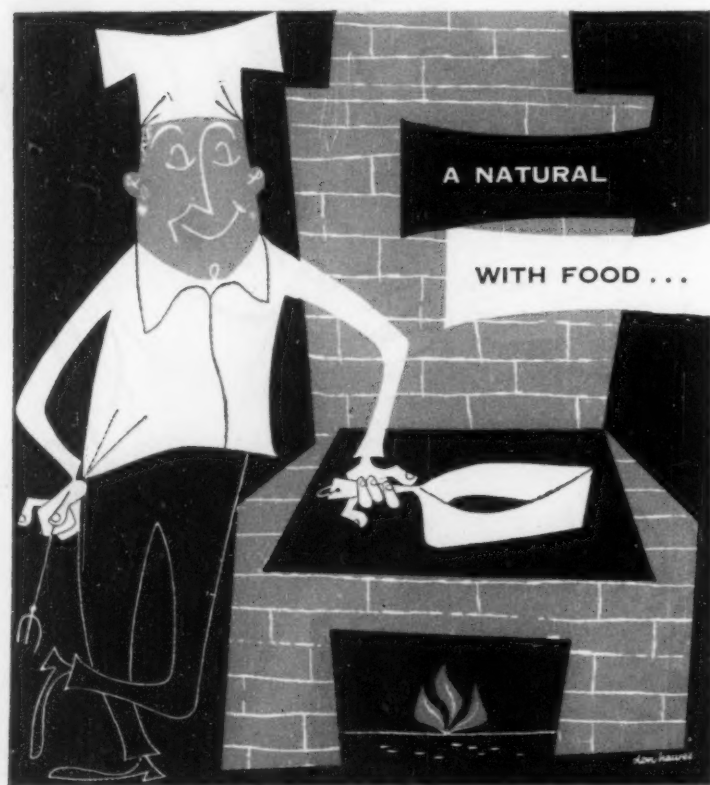
In March 1945 he made another brief speech in the debate on the forthcoming United Nations Conference at San Francisco. Hansard index makes no further reference to W. E. Harris MP, until after the general election of 1945.

But he had not, in fact, gone unnoticed. Prime Minister King had his eye on Harris all through the war years—he had been advised by Senator Norman Lambert, who comes from the same part of Ontario as Harris, that this was a young man to watch. When parliament reassembled in the fall of 1945, Harris was named Commons chairman of the committee to choose a design for a Canadian national flag, an assignment the Prime Minister took very seriously.

The Fiasco of the Flag

Harris' task was a devious one, calling for diplomacy and a dash of cynicism. He had to preside with proper solemnity while the committee plodded through the maze of new designs—nearly 3,000 were submitted in all—and listened to long technical expositions of heraldry, heated appeals for or against the inclusion of the Union Jack, and complicated explanations of equally complicated symbolic inscriptions. At the same time he had to lead the committee unerringly to the design King had already picked out before the committee held its first sitting—a red ensign with a gold maple leaf instead of the coat of arms.

There were difficulties—the only design actually submitted which conformed to the Prime Minister's specifications was crudely drawn and colored in school crayon. Harris got around that by having an official artist prepare drawings of identical style, size and



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THE WORLD OVER



Getting Confederation off on the right foot in Newfoundland was ticklish

color in four designs which he thought the committee might favor. By similar means he got around all other difficulties as well and the committee duly delivered the report King wanted. It was never adopted—debate revealed that the old issue of the Union Jack would have split the Liberal Party wide open, so the matter was quietly shelved. But King remembered and appreciated Harris' skill in quietly bringing the committee to its foregone conclusion.

His next assignment was to be a parliamentary delegate to the United Nations Assembly in New York.

Most MPs regard these jobs as plums. Harris didn't. He had just got through a long hard session in which, unlike most Ontario MPs, he had dutifully stayed through Friday evenings and got back in time for Monday sittings; he wanted some time with his family. Also, he was hard up and wanted to earn some money in his law business. The living allowance provided for the parliamentary delegates isn't enough to pay all their expenses at the Biltmore Hotel. Harris was getting a chance not only to spend some more time away from home, but also some of his own money. He expressed all these objections to his friend Jack Pickersgill, then special assistant to the Prime Minister, who had given him the news of his appointment, and told Pickersgill he wouldn't go.

"Don't be silly," Pickersgill replied. "You don't refuse appointments like this from a prime minister."

Harris still grumbled, but he went. Before the Assembly was over he had been appointed parliamentary assistant to the new Minister of External Affairs, Louis St. Laurent.

It was Mackenzie King's appointment. St. Laurent hardly knew Harris and had made no suggestion as to who his parliamentary assistant should be, except that he ought not to be French-speaking. It turned out that the two men hit it off well.

One of Harris' chores was to go to Newfoundland and arrange the last legal details of union. The political situation there was extremely ticklish—personal jealousies and rivalries threatened to get the whole great project of Confederation off on the

wrong foot. Harris did a job of quiet and unobtrusive diplomacy which straightened out the difficulties, and which his senior colleagues still remember with admiration.

In 1947 he was vice-chairman, under the veteran Chubby Power, of the committee on redistribution of seats, one of Parliament's nastiest jobs. Harris came through without indelible scars or implacable foes.

He began to get a reputation as a man who actually liked the political headaches from which most politicians flee. Most people enjoy exercising a skill, and Harris' skill is finding the acceptable compromise between opposing points of view and settling disputes without rancor. St. Laurent began to depend more and more on Harris' political judgment. When Mackenzie King retired in 1948 and St. Laurent became Prime Minister, he took his parliamentary assistant with him to the new job.

The Big Wheel from Toronto

By the time the 1949 election came along Harris was not yet in the cabinet but it was obvious he soon would be. He had as much weight as an Ontario minister in councils on strategy and tactics, and he was in charge of the campaign for central Ontario. It was and still is a delicate question just where Harris' authority ended and Paul Martin's began. Martin, MP for Windsor and senior minister for the region, is still a bit touchy on the subject, but most people regard Harris as the big wheel from Toronto all the way west to the outskirts of Martin's Windsor.

It's hard to find simple examples of Harris' skill as a politician. In this, as in other matters, he is invincibly undramatic—indeed, his whole strength is his ability to avoid dramatic developments and straighten things out quietly.

"There isn't much you can say about Walter," said a childhood friend, "except that he always does everything right."

That's a good quality to have in a party leader—between elections, it's perhaps enough. At election time it's nice to have something more dramatic. Probably the most important unan-

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swered question about Walter Harris is whether he can learn to project to large groups of people the persuasive impression he makes at short range.

Another unanswered question: How will he go down with Quebec?

It's no disadvantage that he is a devout Baptist who seldom misses church on Sunday—the next Liberal leader is bound to be a Protestant anyway, and the fact he's a churchgoer is in his favor with churchgoing Quebecois.

Not so favorable is the fact that he's a Mason. Quebecers look upon the Masonic Order as a sinister secret

society dedicated to no other purpose than the overthrow of the Roman Catholic Church. Harris' biography in the Parliamentary Guide, which like all Guide biographies is written by the subject himself, used to list as No. 1 among his clubs: "Hiram Lodge No. 490, A.F. & A.M. (Past Master). More recent editions say briefly "Mem. A.F. & A.M."

It may also be a drawback that he has been a minister of immigration who brought real enthusiasm to his task. Harris' maiden speech in parliament, away back in 1942, devoted con-

siderable time to immigration as an urgently necessary postwar policy and he has done what he could to bring that backbencher's dream to reality. More than 600,000 of Canada's million post-war immigrants have come in during Harris' regime; his second year of office saw the largest total immigration since 1907—just under 195,000. Immigration has never been popular in Quebec, where it is regarded as an unfair device of "the English" to match the higher birth rate of Canadians.

Also, Harris speaks no French.

Pearson is not as nearly bilingual as Doug Abbott, but his French is fairly fluent. Harris has only the residue of what he learned in school. And in Quebec, even more than in the rest of Canada, Pearson is a known name and Harris is not.

There is one way in which Harris could become famous overnight in Quebec. Premier Maurice Duplessis has been deadlocked with federal authorities for months over the deductibility or non-deductibility of Quebec's new income tax. For the moment thousands of income taxpayers in Quebec are having to pay double. If Harris as Minister of Finance could find a way out of the impasse and work out a mutually satisfactory formula with Duplessis, he'd be a made man.

However, this is a fairly far-fetched pipe dream. It's not easy to make deals with Duplessis, even for such a skilled deal maker as Walter Harris. And Duplessis would be as quick as anyone to see that if he allowed an amicable settlement to bring kudos to Walter Harris, he'd be doing the greatest conceivable favor to the Liberal Party.

What! No Press Agent?

Harris of course is well aware of all these facts, and unperturbed. If you ask him he'll tell you that if there is to be any change in the party leadership in the near future, which he doubts, then Mike Pearson will get the job if he wants it. If he doesn't want it, there are several others (whom Harris will cheerfully name, in approximate order or probability) who might be a convention's choice. He would work cheerfully with any of these as prime minister. He himself, he says, is definitely not interested.

His actions seem to bear out his words; so far, at least, he hasn't developed any of the characteristic traits of a man running for office. He still has no press agent. He still dislikes having his picture taken. With the Press he is no more and no less agreeable than before, which is to say that he's accessible and helpful if you want facts about his department, but uncommunicative about himself.

Harris' supporters don't exactly doubt his statement that he isn't interested in the leadership. They merely ignore it. They assume that any man who really likes political life, and has no other ambitions, will not refuse advancement if it's offered him.

And there is certainly no doubt that Harris enjoys politics. In late June, at the end of the longest and dullest session in years, I asked Harris what he found most difficult or unpleasant about the work he was doing. He pulled his chin for a while, admitted he couldn't think of anything in particular. I put the question the other way: What did he like best about it?

This time the answer came without a moment's hesitation:

"What I'm doing now is what I've wanted to do all my life. I like it all." ★

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Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3

dumped the last time. This often deprives an early mailer of his rightful priority in the mail handling.

Suppose the clerks are sorting a large batch of letters mailed before 3 p.m. Before they finish, down comes the deluge of letters cleared at 5 p.m. Still other floods may cascade down before the clerks get back to the bottom of the heap, with the result that on a busy day, the letters earliest posted might be the latest sent out.

This is one example in which a simple shift of routine can improve efficiency. Other steps have to do with the individuals who carry it out.

IT'S ALL TOO EASY for Post Office officials to know when a mistake has been made—they hear about it soon enough. It is difficult and often impossible to know who made the mistake. This would be a serious blind spot under any circumstances and it's doubly so in the Post Office just now. Some of the "errors" in postal service have been deliberate.

There was one postman in Toronto who'd been on the same route for years. He had a letter to a man who'd lived in the same upstairs flat for years. The correct address was, let's say, 64A Grove Street. A letter to this man addressed to 64 Grove Street, instead of 64A, was returned by the postman stamped "Not known at this address."

And there was the postal clerk who flipped a letter addressed to Halifax into the bag destined for Riviere du Loup.

One of the steps contemplated but not yet taken would make identification of careless or obstructionist clerks possible. The project is to print a number on each envelope when the stamp is cancelled. A thousand letters bearing the number 29 would go to postal clerk 29, the next thousand to clerk 30, and so on. When a letter turned up in the wrong slot, there'd be proof who put it there.

IT'S A BIT EARLY for predictions about what parliament will do next session but here's one prophecy just for the record: the House of Commons will tackle the long-overdue revision of its own rules.

Readers with inconveniently long memories may recall that the same prediction was made in this space about this time last year. It turned out to be wrong. However, may I say in my own defense, it wasn't quite as far wrong as it may have appeared to be.

A parliamentary committee did work on the project in private. It did prepare a majority report, recommending drastic limitations on the length of various debates. The report was ready in time to have been introduced before parliament rose at the end of June.

It wasn't introduced because even at that late date, and in spite of the hot weather and general fatigue, Opposition parties would have staged a protracted fight against the adoption of the majority report. They think it amounts to a reduction of their parliamentary rights and privileges—which it does, all right, though not necessarily to the disadvantage of the general public.

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At the session's end, though, the indications were that the Government had postponed its drive for new rules only over the summer. So far, the intention is to bring in the committee's report in the fall for full debate, possible modification, but eventual adoption in most of its important particulars.

JOHN BIRD, parliamentary correspondent for Reuters News Agency, is also an amateur ornithologist who contributes a weekly piece on birds to the Ottawa Journal. Recently Bird in-

formed his readers that all three purple martin boxes provided by the federal government, two at the National Gallery and one at the Supreme Court building, are inhabited by purple martins and not (as too often happens to private martin boxes) by trespasser starlings.

Bird also discovered, quite accidentally, how the government achieves this happy result. Federal District Commission landscapers keep the boxes plugged, to prevent the entry of starlings, until they get word from an ornithological adviser that the martins are

about to reach Ottawa. This year the FDC man mistakenly thought that John Bird was the ornithologist in question, and rang him up for a report on the martins' estimated time of arrival.

Said Bird: "I like to think of the Federal District Commission receiving bulletins of the purple martins' progress from Brazil in springtime. Martins crossing the Gulf of Mexico . . . martins in the Hudson Valley . . . martins approaching Lake Ontario . . . Flash! Unplug those martin boxes, Ottawa." ★

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Who Was the Woman of the Glove?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

and see. I had no luck. I searched for a long time but I couldn't get above the land to look at it. At last I returned to the town and to the hotel. I was just about to go in the door when I found a glove.

"It was a remarkable piece of work. If you could have seen it. The workmanship and the design were superb. The lines were so delicate—ah! I imagined it was still warm from a hand, giving a hint of the woman of whom it had been a part. I could see her in my mind. I even looked up and down the street to see if perhaps... but no... she was not there. I could see the scene; I would turn to her and bow slightly, and then, without a word, return the glove. There would be a softness in her eye as she thanked me."

He seemed to have forgotten me. The hills across the river were almost lost in the heavy haze from the heat.

"When I got to my room that night (he continued) I dreamed without sleeping for a long time. You have never seen such a glove: it was so small, with a bold, complicated stitching, elegantly, exquisitely made, a work of sound craft such as you can find in Quebec. And I could imagine the hand that had filled it, just touching those soft lines and giving life to the design. Yes. And behind that the woman. Great beauty. Great charm. And great wealth. I fell in love with her at once. Mercifully—oh, six hours later—I went to sleep.

"It was a grey morning the next day and I had to catch a train just at dawn. But I noticed as I packed the glove in my bag that it had inside the name of the glover and his town. I didn't know that town but I resolved to search it out and find the owner of the glove."

"Find its owner," I said, "from a glove?"

"It was not just a glove," he said. "It was unique. The man who made that glove would know for whom he made it. That much I could be sure of. Perhaps there would be a record, an address."

"And did you find the glover?" I asked, using the word awkwardly for it does not trip from the tongue.

"Nothing happened for some time. I was working so hard and there was no opportunity. I believe I looked up the place on the map and even wrote a letter, but it was unsatisfactory.

"And then, perhaps a year after, I had a special order in that town—it was Desigenes—where the glove had been made. It was a lovely place, only a couple of thousand persons. I remember the hotel, L'Orient, dull and dreary like the rest."

He stopped speaking. He seemed to be searching for something he had known long ago; I hesitated to say anything that would break into his mood. For a few minutes we just flew along and he smoked his cigar in long, hot, puffs.

WHERE was I?" he said finally. "Oh, yes, L'Orient. Well, I found the glover and went to his shop to see if I could learn something about it.

"I went to see the manager. He had a small office in the front of the building—just a closed-in glass partition to separate him from the files and the secretary. There was a counter though I supposed they had few callers. It was an old establishment and smelled sweetly of leather and oils and old dirt. The secretary was chub-by"—he tasted

the word—"and she took my card in. "Monsieur Lefevre will see you in a moment," she said when she returned. In a few moments he appeared and led me into his office.

"Bonjour monsieur," I said, "I have come on a small matter that troubles me. I believe I wrote a letter some time ago..." Lefevre was a fat sloppy person with greasy hands and dirty fingernails. He used some foul brilliantine on his black hair and the smell annoyed me. I explained my business quickly and told him I would like to return the glove if I could only get the name and address of the lady.

"You have the glove with you?" he asked. I showed it to him. He examined it carefully the way a man might examine a jewel. "Yes," he said finally, "it is one of ours. A moment please." He went into the outer office and looked something up. When he returned there was a small ripple of

Summer's Fine ... But ...

The summer sun is hot and dry,
The sky a high blue ceiling.
The walls, the roof, my wife and I
And everything is peeling.

BARBARA A. HUFF

amusement in the layers of fat that obscured the lines in his face.

"We would be happy to return it for you," he said.

"Perhaps if you gave me the address I might return it myself."

"That is not possible," he said curtly. "Non, not possible at all. It is against our custom. I am sorry. We could return it for you, perhaps with your name, monsieur, but we—non—I am truly sorry, we could not possibly give you the address."

"I was annoyed."

"Merci monsieur," I said. "I will just keep the glove if you have no objection." He handed it back and we bade each other a polite good-by. More than ever I wanted to know who owned that glove.

"Of course, it was a simple matter to find out. The ladies, my friend, are all much the same. They are susceptible to small things. I had to wait for the noon hour when the manager would go for his lunch and the girl would be alone in the office. I must say that I was not without charm in those days. And while I waited I went and got some bonbons from a shop and some flowers from a farmer. The secretary was a simple girl. I think there were some details I composed to give credit to my story—something of a young woman who had deliberately dropped the glove and then vanished. I told the secretary that I was troubled, that my mind burned with the memory of that simple gesture. She was not a complicated woman and she understood.

"You must say nothing," she warned me as she got the name from the file. I promised I would not. I blew her a kiss as I left—a nice touch." He laughed a warm laugh inside him.

"No, I was not without charm in those days.

"I was now quite delirious with this dream of mine. I had the glove. I had the address. It was one of those situations where anything could happen. She lived in Sherbrooke, not a large town in those days, but one noted for its textile mills. I knew that she would be beautiful and that I would be completely conquered." He looked me severely in the eye.

"You understand what I mean, eh?" I wasn't sure, but he seemed to want

me to say yes and we were in danger of leaving the road so I nodded.

"The first thing I did when I got back to Montreal was to sit down and write a note explaining the situation and asking if I might call the next time I was in Sherbrooke and return the glove. I mentioned that I passed through there regularly, and gave my hotel. Sure enough, when I arrived on my next trip there was an invitation to tea already at the hotel. I arrived punctually at four, as indicated. Ah. If you could have seen the estate. It was beyond even my imagination. I rang the bell, but I was so nervous. A maid ushered me in.

"Miss MacKenzie will be down in a moment, sir, if you will take a chair." I settled myself. Surrounding me was that quiet pretentious elegance, that careless exquisite excess which is great wealth. This was the end of those many dreams that had kept me awake in the small hotel rooms at night. The glove had led me to a true love. I had it in my hand, loosely, so that it would not be crushed. This, I kept saying to myself, is my future. She will sweep in in a discreet manner and in that moment I will live. She will be majestic, petite, regal. There will be obstacles, but . . .

MR. STUART, it is so good of you to call. I had not been prepared. Majestic, petite, regal—and old. The shades of a great youthful beauty still moved across her face. She started pouring the tea and poured my dreams into little china cups so thin the light shone through them. She was at least seventy—and I? A poor salesman who had wasted his time.

"Will you have lemon?" she asked. Though I never take lemon I had lemon. "And a cake perhaps?" and though I never eat cake I had cake. We talked. I began to feel embarrassed for having taken such trouble. But she was pleased.

"We do not see such gallantry often enough these days," she said. "You have gone to a great deal of trouble to return the glove. The young men have lost their manners—that is, most young men have lost them." We talked of this and that, of my work, and her town. I learned she was head of a fast-dwindling family. And of one of the larger textile works. It was very painful.

"I made my excuses as soon as I could.

"Perhaps if you are staying in Sherbrooke long enough you will be able to come to dinner," she said. "I am sure Louise will want to meet you."

"Louise?" I said.

"My niece."

Again he laughed to himself, the warm laugh. It came from deep inside him, from just above his belt, a full laugh for so compact a man.

For five minutes we drove furiously down the Ottawa Valley. He seemed to have finished.

"Did you go to dinner?" I finally asked.

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"Oh yes, I went to dinner. And back again. I spent Christmas there. The glove, you see, had led me to friends. It held the promise after all; what I had seen in it was there. You can tell much from a glove, my friend."

We suddenly dived into a dust-choked side road and he pulled up.

"This is as far as I go," he said. I was just climbing out of the car when he took a card from a small leather case and handed it to me. "Perhaps you'll be down our way some time and you'd care to call," he said.

It was a simple card,

JAMES J. STUART

President,
MacKenzie Textiles Sherbrooke, P.Q.

"Thanks for the ride," I said, getting out of the car. Just before turning away, I said, "Louise, was she beautiful?"

He looked at me for a moment.

"Beautiful?" he said. "Beautiful?"

Louise is without a doubt the ugliest woman a man ever married. Good luck, son." The door slammed shut and the Cadillac disappeared into the dust.

I looked at the card for a moment and wondered if I'd ever get to Sherbrooke. It seemed unlikely. And then, because it was one of those hot August days when the heat hangs on the land like a huge damp paw, I picked a good big maple tree near the road and sat down. Then when the cars came by I could stick up my thumb but I didn't have to move. ★

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They'll Make Up Their Own Minds, Thanks

Truer words were never written than your editorial, *The Curious Crime of Making Up Your Own Mind* (June 15). . . . To gain popularity, one must run with the crowd and jump blindly on the band wagon along with the rest of the fashionable insecticided population. If this is freedom, give me servitude. —B. Martin, Brantford, Ont.

• . . . The editorial is timely, refreshing and unique, especially at this time when the average newspaper editor is afraid to say something out of the ordinary. . . . Dictatorships are ugly wherever they exist but the present government of China at least did something for the hungry peasants. Chiang Kai-shek, after years of golden opportunity, did nothing. —W. D. Mackay, Thamesford, Ont.

Gilmour's Mostly Right

It has been in my mind for some time to write you regarding Clyde Gilmour's half-page of movie ratings. It is almost impossible for two people's ideas to agree at all times, but I must say that in perhaps 85 percent of cases those pictures recommended by Gilmour have proved to be most enjoyable. I think he does an excellent job. —C. D. Betts, Vancouver.

Bob Sleights or Yukon Sleight

In your June 1 Mailbag, George Shepherd, of Saskatoon, says he has one of the White Pass and Yukon mail sleights. I would like to correct Mr. Shepherd; the photo is not even a first cousin to the Yukon sleigh which had brakes on the runners and was used by the express company delivering parcels from the express office in the city. I would say that this sleigh would not have lasted one trip over the White Horse to Dawson trail.

I went into Dawson as a Mounted Policeman in 1901. I also spent one year in and around Dawson as a teamster, then a winter at Fort Selkirk. Altogether I spent three years up in that country. . . . —W. B. Grahame, Prince Albert, Sask.

George Shepherd writes from Saskatoon, "The only bob sleights we had on hand were the ones we put under the Yukon sleigh so that we could haul it out into the open for a picture. I just didn't stop to think that the Yukon mail sleights would naturally have been very heavily constructed."

A Word for the CBC

A recent article by Scott Young, *Let's Stop Monopoly Television* (May 1), refers to a TV play of mine called *Legend Of The Baskets* which was scheduled for production but canceled when the advertising agency, representing the sponsor of the program, objected to it on the grounds that it made fun of mass production. Young (for whom I have the greatest admiration) used that example to support his arguments (to which I have the greatest objections) that CBC-TV was not fulfilling its functions and obligations properly, that it proved CBC could not withstand commercial pressure, and

hence had no right to what Young called "a monopoly" on Canadian TV.

May I point out that the objection to my play was not on CBC's part but by a private industrial sponsor, that this play was performed on CBC radio, and that if private industry controlled our networks no plays like *Legend Of The Baskets* would ever be performed. I think the example of *Legend* can be used not to attack the CBC, but any attempts to do away with the CBC.

Of course there are many things to criticize about the CBC. Of course CBC should not have agreed to go along with a particular sponsor's objection to a particular play. But this is an incident which is an exception, not a rule. . . .

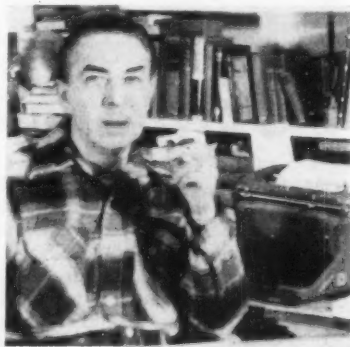
I would like to disassociate myself from any attempts to use the incident of *Legend* as an argument in favor of private ownership as against the public system now in operation. —Ted Allan, Toronto.

From an Expatriate

In Maclean's (June 15) you printed my dreadful mug under the heading, *HIDE-AND-SEEK* No. 15, in the illustrious company of such worthies as Bonar Law, Beatrice Lillie, Lord Beaverbrook, etc., and described me, along with the rest, as a "famous expatriate."

I'm profoundly honored to be mentioned in so glorious a collection of names and, due to what I believe was a decent, wise upbringing, I feel vastly unworthy of such a great honor indeed. . . . Enclosed is a recent snapshot of me, showing what drastic changes time has wrought (see cut). . . .

If you'll excuse my bringing in the subject—may I remind you that the only way to procure first-rate humorous art from Canadians is to pay the blighters enough to warrant their efforts—else they'll slip Over The



R. Taylor sticks to Canuck shirts.

Border and Down to Three-A-Day as I did back in 1936. . . . —Richard Taylor, Blandford, Mass.

Where We Came From

I wish to protest against the atheistic article written by Norman J. Berrill (*Are We Alone in the Universe?* June 15). I was surprised and disappointed in your magazine for printing such a far-fetched heathenist account of

the origin of the human race. In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth, and made man in His own image. It is much easier to believe the story of creation as recorded in the Bible than all the ridiculous theorizing of man. . . . —Mrs. R. Wood, Port Kells, B.C.

• . . . Let's solve the Earth's problems before considering Mars. If professors and scientists could believe in just the first two chapters in the Book of Genesis they wouldn't need to spend millions and lifetimes looking for an answer that's already there. . . . —Mrs. June B. Shileler, Cardston, Alta.

• Come, come, Prof. Berrill, you give such clear explanations of other points, why fumble over such a little thing as the origin of life? Also, why and when did evolution come to an end, else fish would still be turning up sprouting arms and legs, maybe trying to turn into scientists like the professor? —Charles Heaney, Amisk, Alta.

Progress at Pincher

In connection with the article, *The Place the Gas Will Come From*, by Robert Collins (July 1), the author has



earned the dubious honor of having exported through your circulation department the first sulphurous unrefined gas ever to come from Pincher Creek. We have color and so-called characters and we also have world-champion cowboys crowned in Calgary and Madison Square Garden and we are proud of them all.

But the off-color reporting whereby Collins dismisses new construction as looking out-of-place ignores our new \$175,000 hospital, \$75,000 high school, a community centre with an enclosed arena and curling rink with artificial ice. Alongside is our ball park where the Alberta champions are currently leading their league. . . . —Del Fox, Pincher Creek, Alta.

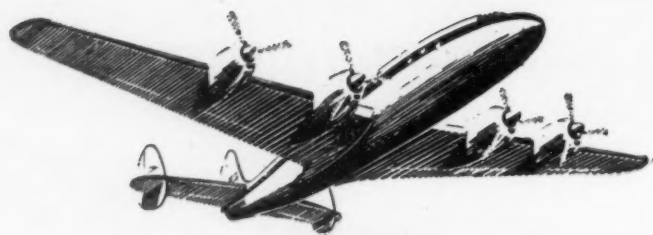
The Flags on the Cover

This is to tell you I like your Dominion Day message (Editorial, July 1). The various flags on the cover are a wonder. The best one is the upper top right with the Maple Leaf in a white centre. Why not put it to a vote of all your readers and see what you get? —Emily B. Jamison, Squamish, B.C. ★

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Races,
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AT A tri-service military review near Ottawa there was the customary long wait by the troops in the hot sun before the reviewing party arrived, during which several servicemen crumpled with the heat. One airwoman slumped, too, to be hauled away on a stretcher to the medical tent, but unlike the others she reappeared soon and drew a smattering of applause from the spectators for her spunkiness as she marched smartly back to her place. We hate to give her away except that

and it was discovered that nonpaying customers had also been taking no less than seventy of these home with them every week in order to play them free at subsequent sessions.

• • •

This happened back in May when TCA introduced its new Super Constellations for trans-Atlantic service but the secret took a while to leak out. It seems the airline laid on a demonstration trip from Vancouver to Montreal for the Press, picking up newsmen as it went and treating the lucky stiff to cocktails, champagne, filet mignon and all sorts of fancy foreign dishes such as are common fare on the luxury over-water flights. Everyone was having a wonderful time when the public relations man in charge of the junket was approached by a white-faced stewardess and handed a radio message. His own face drained as he read the shocking news—by some horrible mischance a paying customer was believed to have been ushered aboard the plane among the honored guests . . . a heinous crime by the intricate rules of international commercial aviation, which blackball any airline giving passengers luxury service except at luxury fares.

The PR obviously didn't know everybody aboard by name but when he checked over his list he had little difficulty spotting the unsuspecting Calgary woman who was having the best time ever. Quickly but guardedly he spread the word among all the writer types that under no circumstances was the cash customer to



we think she deserves credit for ingenuity as well as bravery in the line of duty. For when a garter snapped, how else could the poor girl get out of sight to fix it before the march past began?

• • •

The Calgary grandfather did himself proud when his granddaughter's ninth birthday arrived a while ago, buying her a beautiful silver coffee set as a lifetime remembrance. The girl eagerly tried to guess in advance what the wonderful present would be, but grandpa would only give her a clue. "Kim," he said, "when you are seventy years old and your hair has turned grey you will still be using my present." To which the child trilled, "Oh, Grandfather—a wheel chair!"

• • •

Vancouverites take to bingo as enthusiastically as to everything else but interest wanes just a bit in the summer. One Canadian Legion club that offers a regular evening's play of twenty games for a dollar (played on pink cards) and an extra late-evening series of five games for twenty-five cents (green cards) announced that the last five games would be canceled till fall. The executive was considerably taken aback a few days later when the mailman brought a bundle of the green cards and a note, "Now that you are not using these, they're of no use to us." Immediately a frantic count was made of the pink cards



discover the true nature of the flight or that it was anything but a normal Trans-Canada hop. Then all he could do was hover anxiously near her, holding his breath all the rest of the way to Dorval. All went well, however, and the TCA man was right behind her as in leaving the plane she thanked the stewardess warmly for the lovely trip. "My friends said I'd have a miserable time," she exclaimed, "but from now on I'll always travel on these tourist flights." This was almost too much for the public relations type who, reeling slightly as he descended the gangway, muttered bleakly to the stewardess, "What a shock she's in for when she hits those box lunches on the way back to Calgary."

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